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THE

CHOICE:

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

CONTAINING PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PART II.

CONTAINING SPIRITUAL SONGS.

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP

BY WILLIAM DOSSEY,
Minister of the Gospel.

Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—*Paul.*

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PREFACE.

It has been the desire of the Compiler to furnish his brethren with a pocket manual of hymns and spiritual songs, adapted alike to every day's use, and the promotion of religious revivals. Having had it tested by the experience of several years, and the fourth edition being called for, he has been encouraged to give it a patient and critical review, and now sends it into the world in the best form that his understanding, and the means within his grasp, could furnish. If, in doing this, he has been compelled to make various alterations, he hopes that the improvement derived from them will be as acceptable to its friends as they are satisfactory for the labour which they have cost him; and especially, as it now assumes a fixed form.

This is not the place to disclose all the reasons which have prevailed in excluding many compositions which were in the former editions. Suffice it to say, that his views have undergone no change relative to the subjects for which no hymns in this are exclusively applicable. The work had become too large. In abridging it, it was obviously necessary to exclude such as could only be used on occasions which seldom occur, and others that were wanting in animation. These, therefore, have been made to give place to others better suited to the original design of the work.

Taught by experience, he is persuaded that a large Index of subjects is of but little use. It originated in the desire to direct the mind to a suitable hymn with facility. The desire is laudable, but it fails of its object. Hymns are seldom so constructed as to embrace only one leading thought. Hence, what one man would place under one head, another would conceive belonged to a very different

one. The plan which he has adopted, is at once more simple and useful.

Under the general heads of *Praise*, *Gospel-Grace*, and *Gospel-Ministry*, will be found the hymns of most common use for the pulpit. The first embraces the object and exercise of praise. The second, the graces of the Spirit, gospel doctrine, invitations, and promises. The third, such as are assigned to the opening and concluding public worship, associations, and missionary meetings. As there are a great number of short, spirited hymns in this edition suitable to be sung between sermons, or between prayer and sermon, it has been thought best not to give them a distinct place, as in the former, but to scatter them through the whole, under their appropriate heads, adding to the simplicity and beauty of the work. The rest will be obvious by a mere glance at the Index of Subjects.

In selecting for the Choice, the question has not been, will it be proper to publish the compositions of men whose views differ in some points from our own? but simply, is the piece itself good, and adapted to the design?

In all cases where the Author is known, his name is given. Where he is not, the work from which the stanzas are taken is acknowledged. If I have made changes which are material, and especially in works not generally known, it is expressed by *Altered*. If such changes are not made, and the Author is not known, it is signified by *Anon.*—anonymous. In some of the pieces selected from standard works, a few slight alterations have been made, which are not acknowledged, except here. The desire to attribute them to their Author, is my apology; and the fact that the work is generally known, will enable the public to do justice to us both. The original compositions plead rather for candour, than challenge criticism. They are mostly on subjects which were either not supplied, or supplied in an unsatisfactory manner.

The Rev. Mr. John Wesley says, that the greater part of the hymns in his book, were composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley. It is a source of regret that they cannot

now be identified with their Author! I have made a pretty free use of his book, and am inclined to think that the most of those selected from it were composed by Mr C. Wesley, but, as of this I am not certain, I have been compelled to refer the reader to *Wesley's Collection.*

There is in the hymns of Mr. Wesley one excellence, of which I cannot speak in terms of approbation too strong. It consists in his personal addresses to God. He does not speak about him merely, but addresses him in humble prayer, earnest pleading—and sends up his hymns directly to him in strains of lofty praise. It is this that gives his compositions that unction, which, operating as a charm on the congregation whilst singing, kindles in them the fervour of devotion without their knowing why. Transported by the poet to the throne of God, they feel awed into reverence by the Majesty on high.

From a European work, published by the Synod of Relief, the Compiler has been enabled to select many hymns and songs which add to the value of his book, and the more, because, in themselves valuable, they are, for the most part, unknown in this country.

The compositions of Dr. Watts more enrich the Choice than any others. Without any wish to cause his general work to be disused, the Compiler has been desirous to make his own book more acceptable to the public, by adorning it with the beauties of this prince of lyric poets. Instead of making his hymns less useful, he hopes thereby to give them a more constant use in our worshipping assemblies.

By the publishers of spiritual songs the indulgence of the enlightened community has been so often bespoke, that it has become common to conceive that a book, one design of which is to circulate them, must necessarily be deficient in poetic merit. But why may not compositions of this kind be as worthy of acceptation as hymns? That many which are so called, are destitute of claims to public favour, is admitted; but it is not the purpose of the *Choice*

to circulate them. If the first part of it merits public approbation, the second alleges its claim also.

EXPLANATION.

In preparing the sixth edition of the Choice for the press. the Compiler has revised and corrected the whole. This was partly done before the fifth was issued, and would have been completed, but for the pressure of other engagements, and the immediate call for the work. A very few miscellanies have been deemed necessary to make the volume complete. These have been added, and the arrangement preserved according to his pledge to the public.

Some explanation was needful, especially relative to song 64, and to avoid adding to the size of the book he has expunged so much of the former preface as to give it room. It had been originally too long and prosaic, and the hurried manner in which it was abridged for the stereotypes excluded so many of the leading exercises as left it, like the lame, unequal. The instrument of his first quickening into life was not as clearly disclosed as it merited to be. The sword of the Spirit (John iii. 3—7.) in his own almighty hand was the means first employed. A withered blossom was the second.—It was due to the public and himself to correct these inaccuracies, as far at least as he was able, and to place things in their proper order.

If the removal of a verse or composition has been deemed necessary for the advancement of the work towards perfection, the trouble and expense are his; and, if the Church is benefited by it, this is his sufficient reward. The *form* is just what was designed for the fourth edition, and the whole as complete as he can make so small a pocket manuel.—May the Divine favour attend it, for Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

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THE CHOICE.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

1. C. M. *Medley.*

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise!
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

2. 7's. *Anon.*

Glory to God in the highest! Luke ii. 14

HARK! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born king;

'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
'God and sinners reconcil'd.'

2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the heavenly host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting God,
Meekly lays his glory by,
Born for men, for men to die.

4 Hail! thou heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail! thou Sun of Righteousness,
Risen with healing in thy wings,
Life and light thy rising brings.

3. L. M.

Good Tidings of Great Joy. Luke ii. 10—14.

THE gospel light rolls down the sky,
And frighten'd darkness flies away;
Fill'd with ecstatic heavenly joy,
Sweet angels hail the blissful day!

2 Wrapt in the shades of mental night,
Deep sunk in guilt lay all the world;
'When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,'
The soul-reviving scene unfurl'd.

3 'Go, shepherds,' said the angel band,
'Go, and embrace your infant King;
'Proclaim the joy through every land,
'Let heaven and earth with rapture ring.'

4 'Glory to God on high be given,'
The bursting, joyful, tidings roll'd,
'Good will and peace descend from heaven,
'To bless and save a sinking world.'

5 We'll spread the news the world around;
Be this our lasting, sweet employ,
Till heaven and earth reflect the sound,
And heathen nations catch the joy.

4. C. M. *Watts.*

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

5. L. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Christ our pattern.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labour of his life was love,
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

6. 7's. *Wesley's Coll.*

Christ our pattern.

HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, what shall I do?

2 Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus did below.

3 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.

4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity,
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

5 Early in the temple meet,
And our loving Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.

6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run.

7. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Love to enemies from the Example of Christ

ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace,
Christ to his murderers bare,
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, thy wondrous love we sing!
And while we sing, admire;

Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies would pray;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings, would repay.

8. L. M. *Gibbons.*

The beneficence of Christ for our imitation.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day?
Sweet miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can *thank*,
Creation's *blot*, creation's *blank*.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

9. C. M. *Doddridge.*

The good Samaritan. Luke x. 29—37

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts,
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus flew on wings of love,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

10. L. M. *Watts.*

The Example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

11. S. M.

Christ our Pattern in Baptism.

O SINNERS! could you see
Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Extended on Mount Calvary
Groaning beneath your load:

2 Could you but hear him say,
With his expiring breath,
"I die to bear your guilt away,
That you may live by faith:"

3 Could you but see him rise,
From Jordan's rolling flood,
And hear him say, "be ye baptiz'd,
Like me your rising Lord:"

4 Where is the heart of stone
That would not melt or break;

That would not bend to God alone,
And all the world forsake?

5 Forsake, as he advis'd,
Obey his pleasing rule,
And, like our Pattern, be baptiz'd,
Be buried from the world?

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

12. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Christ Crucified.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done; the precious ransom 's paid;
Receive my soul, he cries;
See, where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he 'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

13. L. M. *Steele.*

A dying Saviour. Mark xv. 29—38.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 Did Christ the Lord, for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his splendid ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow

And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

14. C. M. *Watts.*

Godly sorrow arising from Christ's sufferings.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 'Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

15. C. M. *Stennett.*

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

YONDER, amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head;
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with th' amaz'd centurion, cry,
'This is the Son of God!'

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hopes revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine;
Thine it shall ever be.

16. C. M.

The effects of Christ's death.

HE dies, the mighty Saviour dies!
The purple streams run down!
He closes his resplendent eyes!
All nature seems to mourn.

2 The heavenly harps remain'd unstrung,
In silence laid aside,
While "on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died."

3 His groans awake the sleeping dead,
Like light'ning Satan fell,
And when to death he bow'd his head,
He shook the powers of hell.

4 Well might the sun withdraw his ray,
Earth to its centre heave,
And darkness clothe the mourning day,
And all creation grieve.

5 Well might the Roman soldier say,
When he beheld that blood,
And felt the earth beneath give way,
"This is the Son of God!"

6 Now let me lift my weeping eyes,
And to the cross repair;
The cross of woe, where Jesus dies,
And find salvation there.

17. C. M.

Sin the cause of Christ's pain.

HARK! 'tis the dying Saviour's cry
Upon Mount Calvary;
My God! my God! O tell me, why
Hast thou forsaken me?

2 Was it my sin that caus'd that frown,
And prest my Saviour sore?
That made the crimson flood run down
From every opening pore?

3 Yes, they transfix'd and tore his feet,
His hands and side they wound,
Till streams of blood each other meet,
And wet the purple ground.

4 They threw a cloud around the God,
Roll'd back the flood of day;
That those dear streams of precious blood
Might take my sins away.

5 The pains that I have caus'd thee, Lord,
I never can relieve;
But, yielding to thy sacred word,
Myself to thee I give.

18. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's death and resurrection.

HE dies! the heavens in mourning stood,
He rises,—and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

2 Hence, and for ever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

19. C. M.

Godly sorrow of the dying thief.

WHEN Jesus died, a suffering one
Was soften'd into grief;
Touch'd by the Saviour's dying groan,
He sought and found relief.

2 Remember me, the sinner cries,
With his expiring breath;
The glorious Saviour lifts his eyes,
And gives the conquering faith.

3 Now in thy kingdom, Saviour, God,
From all thy sufferings free,
Look from the place of thine abode,
And, O remember me.

20. C. M.

The Saviour's agony.

COME, and behold the Lamb of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Kneeling beneath your guilty load,
In agonizing pain.

2 Stay here and watch, he meekly said,
Till I shall yonder go;
And there he knelt, and bow'd his head
And prayed with fervour too.

3 And as he knelt and prayed to God,
The angels hover round;
But could not stay the crimson flood,
It dropt upon the ground.

4 Methinks I hear them whispering say
Almighty, suffering Lord,
Be pleas'd to teach us how we may
Remove this painful load.

5 Be silent! all ye heavenly hosts,
Let human bosoms melt;
This is a part of what it costs
To rescue souls from guilt.

6 None but your Sovereign and their God
For sinners can atone;
Your Maker must sustain the load,
And bear it all alone.

21. C. M. *Watts.*

The Brazen Serpent's Antitype.

HIGH on the cross the Saviour hung
High in the heaven he reigns!
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

2 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jews behold the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

22. C. M. *Hart.*

Fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. Phil. iii. 10.

O! WHAT a sad and doleful night
Preceded that day's morn,
When darkness seiz'd the Lord of light,
And sin was by him borne!

2 Forth from the garden, fully tried,
Our bruised Champion came,
To suffer what remain'd beside
Of anguish, grief, and shame.

3 Nail'd to the cross through hands and feet,
He hung in open view;
To make his sufferings quite complete,—
Of God deserted too.

4 Through nature's works the woes he felt,
With soft infection ran;
The hardest things could break, or melt,
Except the heart of man.

5 Lord, thou hast paid the mighty debt,
And made believers clean;
But he knows nothing of it yet,
Who is not griev'd at sin.

6 O, cause this flinty heart to melt!
Steep it in blood divine!
That sweetest union may be felt,
Betwixt it, Lord, and thine.

23. C. M. *Stennett.*

The Converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
'Thou spotless Lamb of God!
'I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
'And weltering in thy blood.

4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
'And shine above the skies.

5 'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Saviour, think on me,
'And in the vict'ries of thy death
'Let me a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies;
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
'With me in Paradise.'

24. L. M *Watts.*

Jesus our Surety and Saviour

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There 's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 But O, unutterable grace!
The Son of God takes Adam's place,
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood:
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose;—the law could ask no more.

4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

5 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts ador'd;
And say dear Conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song?

6 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love,
Raise us beyond th' etherial blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

25. C. M. *Anon.*

Lord, remember me. Luke xxiii. 42.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee,
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
Whilst thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er opprest I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

5 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

26. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!

6 Say, 'live for ever, wondrous King,
'Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where 's thy sting?'
And 'where 's thy victory, boasting grave?'

27. S. M.

The weight of Guilt.

WITH Satan, Christ had fought,
And conquer'd like a God;

Upon the raging billows walk'd,
And calm'd them by a word:—

2 But when my guilt had leave
To rest upon his head,
It made his sacred bosom heave,
And forc'd out streams of blood.

3 Trembling I see him kneel,
And hear his ardent prayer,
O Father! if it be thy will,
The cup of wrath forbear.

4 O let it pass away
From thy beloved Son!
Yet, Father, I submissive pray,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

28. S. M.

Christ's agony improved.

DID Christ the Saviour kneel,
And bleed, and pray for me?
And shall this bosom nothing feel?
My Saviour! can it be?

2 O melt it into grief,
To penitential woe!
Speak, and expel my unbelief,
Bid sacred sorrow flow.

29. S. M.

The Saviour's agony.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt,
In sad Gethsemane;
Who can describe the pangs he felt
Whilst in that agony?

2 And as he knelt, he bled,
The drops fell to the ground:
Sinner, behold that spotless head
With streams of sorrow drown'd.

3 Who can forbear to kneel,
When Christ the Saviour knelt?
Hard is the heart that cannot feel,
The heart that will not melt.

4 Saviour, to thee I kneel,
And humbly seek thy face;
O make my frozen bosom feel
Thy sanctifying grace.

30. C. M. *Watts.*

Looking on Him whom we pierced.

O THE sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and piercing thorns
His sacred body tore!

2 But knotty whips, and piercing thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

3 My cruel, my relentless sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

4 They pull'd the heavy vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart! O burst, mine eyes
And let my sorrows bleed.

5 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown my eyes
In undissembled woe.

31. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Christ, the Man of Sorrows.

THE Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him,
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Rejected and despis'd of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still,
Through all his life below.

3 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

4 His sacred blood has wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our hopes again.

5 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven;
He lives to bless them, and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

32. C. M.

Sin the cause of Christ's pains.

WAS it my sin that wounded thee,
Thou spotless Lamb of God;
That nail'd thee to the fatal tree,
That shed thy precious blood?

2 'Twas sin that Christ my Lord betrayed,
'Twas sin that him denied;
'Twas sin that bow'd his sacred head,
That pierc'd his bleeding side.

3 'Twas sin that wagg d the head in scorn,
When Christ the Saviour bled;
'Twas sin that laid him in the tomb,
Among the sleeping dead.

4 'Tis sin that blinds the human mind
To all that 's right and good,—
That all the world in fetters binds
Until releas'd by blood.

5 But O, the blood that thou hast shed
Upon Mount Calvary,
Thou murdering sin, falls on thy head,
And slays and buries thee.

33. C. M. *Pearce.*

My Love is crucified.

WARM was his heart, his faith was strong,
Who thus in rapture cried

When on his way to martyrdom,
'My Love is crucified.'

2 Warm, also, be my love for Him,
Who thus for sinners died;
Long as I live, be this my theme,
'My Love is crucified.'

3 Awake, my soul, behold him pierc'd
In hands, and feet, and side;
And say, while he 's in blood immers'd,
'My Love is crucified.'

4 O that, in those dear wounds, my soul
Secure may ever hide,
And sing, as changing seasons roll,
'My Love is crucified.'

34. L. M. *Transposed.*

Desiring larger Communion with God

NOTHING save Jesus would I know!
My friend, and my companion thou·
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

2 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get,
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edg'd sword.

3 Constrain my soul thy sway to own,
Self will, self righteousness dethrone·
Emptied of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee.

4 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
Prepar'd for heav'n my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.

5 Detach from sublunary joys,
One that would only hear thy voice;
Larger communion make me prove
With *Thee*, blest object of my love.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

35. 7's. *Anon.*

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

HARK! the herald angels say,
'Christ the Lord is risen to-day;'
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
The battle fought, the victory won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save,
'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

5 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See the Conqueror mount the skies,
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' ascending God.

6 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep the golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

36. L. M. *Hart.*

If ye then be risen with Christ, &c. Col. iii. 1, 2.

LO! the Redeemer leaves the tomb;
See the triumphant hero rise!
His mighty arms their strength resume,
And conquest sparkles in his eyes.

2 Death has its mortal wound receiv'd;
An end of sin is fully made;

Pris'ners of hope are quite repriev'd,
And all the dreadful debt is paid.

3 Believer! lift thy drooping head,
Thy Saviour hath the victory gain'd;
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtain'd!

4 Let all for whom the Lord was slain,
Give him the purchase of his blood;
Let sin no longer in you reign,
But dedicate your selves to God.

5 Earth's empty toys no more esteem;
Your minds from worldly things remove;
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

37. C. M. *Watts.*

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

38. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph.

HE that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans;
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.

2 But, see the wonders of his power
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

3 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

39. C. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death:
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

40. S. M. *Watts.*

The Sufferings and Exaltation of Christ.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

2 Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
The murderous weapon dyed.

3 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.

4 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

5 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

41 C. M. W. & B.*

Christ adored by Angels. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

BEYOND the glittering starry sky,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of joy
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

3 Thrcugh all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend

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*Whenever *W. & B.* occurs, it signifies *Williams* and *Boden.*

Oft wondering when, or where, or how,
The mystic scene would end.

4 They saw his heart transfixt with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

5 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapt their triumphant wings, and cried,
'The glorious work is done!'

42. C. M. *Watts.*

Christ ascending and reigning.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

43. L. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits
And angels chant the solemn lay;—

'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
'Ye everlasting doors give way!'

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

44. L. M. *Watts.*

The Ministry of Angels.

GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son:
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thy armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, and of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode;
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling up the heavenly road.

4 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

45. C. M. *Watts.*

The glory of Christ in heaven.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.

4 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore—
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the heavens adore.

5 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound—
See! what immortal glories shine
And circle it around!

6 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

46. L. M. *Cennick.*

Jesus Christ the way to Heaven. John xiv 6.

JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophet went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high-way of holiness
I 'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the way.'

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'

CHRIST'S MISSION.

47. C. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

48. S. M. *Watts.*

The same.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune·

Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

4 Now sinners dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease,
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

49. C. M. *Doddridge.*

The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

50. 7's.

Mission of the Saviour.

HARK! the Saviour of mankind
Comes, the broken heart to bind;
Comes, the powers of hell to brave,
Comes, the lost to seek and save.

2 Arm'd with love's resistless sway,
Down to earth he wings his way;
Stoops of woman to be made,—
See him in the manger laid!

3 Now upon the cross he hangs!
Dies in agonizing pangs!
Thence his banner wide unfurl'd,
Spreads salvation through the world.

4 In the grave awhile he lay,
Tore the bars of death away;
Thence ascended—took his throne,
Claims the kingdom as his own.

5 Mourning soul, methinks I see
All thy fetters on the tree;
If the broken links remain,
They no longer form the chain.

6 Now believe that Christ is God,
That as man he shed his blood;
Rose from death, and rose for thee,
This believe, and—thou art free.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

51. C. M. *Watts.*

The Intercession of Christ.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring,
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne,
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

5 Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

52. S. M. *Newton.*

Christ our Redeemer and Advocate.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side,
Wash guilt and filth away.

3 Pleading for us he stands
Before his Father's throne,
And answers all the law demands,
With what himself hath done.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

5 His voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face;
'Tis thus the love of sin departs,
And we are sav'd by grace.

6 Assur'd that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

53. C. M. *Watts.*

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

54. L. M. *Epis. Coll.*

The necessity of Christ's Mediation.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean,
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink to conscious guilt and woe.

2 The Spirit, in his power divine
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah! not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence aw'd,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There must a Mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace;
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchas'd grace

5 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd;
In him, my soul, be cleans'd from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.

55. C. M. *Steele.*

Jesus the Saviour of Sinners.

THE Saviour! O what boundless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 In our first parents' crime we feel,
Our blood, our vital breath,
Deep ting'd with all the seeds of ill,
Sad heirs to sin and death.

4 Wrapt in the gloom of sad despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay;
But sovereign mercy found us there,
And smil'd our fears away.

5 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Saviour, bid me call thee mine,
And I desire no more.

56. C. M. *Steele.*

We love him because he first loved us

JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful wonders rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!

2 Didst thou forsake thy radiant throne
And boundless realms of bliss,
For man to suffer, bleed and groan?
Was ever love like this!

3 Through the deep horrors of thy pain,
Thy love triumphant smil'd;
Earth trembled at the dreadful scene,
And heaven was reconcil'd.

4 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt the stubborn soul.

5 O may our willing powers confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

57. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Christ a Bridegroom and Husband.

JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save;
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt and wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts he pays and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride,
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love to me;
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
Keep me, O Saviour, near thy side;
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my lord depart.

58. C. M. *Newton.*

Thy name is as ointment poured forth. Cant. i. 3

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

59. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Jesus precious. 1 Peter ii. 7.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I 'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

60. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Christ the Prophet of the Church.

GREAT Prophet of the ransom'd church,
Command the light to shine;
For stores of wisdom let us search
Thy word, the sacred mine.

2 Jesus, great oracle of truth,
O may we learn of thee!
Receive true wisdom from thy mouth,
And live from error free.

3 One great event, by thee foretold,
Teach us to keep in view;—
Thy coming!—when we shall behold,
And show thy glory too.

4 Till then let all thy people here,
Walk with increasing light;
And when thy glory shall appear,
Welcome the joyful sight.

61. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Wisdom's Royal Bounty.

HOW happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,

And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

62. L. M. *Dobell's Selection.*

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13. 18.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace.
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy is he who thus can say,
"The Lord, the Saviour, died for me;"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness.
And all her flowery paths are peace;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

63. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The Lamb feeding the Saints.

WHILE in this dark and dreary land
Where sorrows oft assail,
Let holy souls exalt their eyes,
To joys within the vail.

2 There sits enthron'd the glorious Lamb,
While saints adore around;
Angels, in shining circles, pay
Their homage most profound.

3 The Lamb illuminates the place,
With splendours here unknown,
And pours the rivers of his grace
Fresh from beneath the throne.

4 His flock he leads to scenes of bliss,
With joys unfading crown'd,
Nor can they thirst while living streams
Unfailing flow around.

5 Behold, our smiling God appears,
And bids our griefs remove,
And wipes away our falling tears
With the soft hand of love.

64. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Christ, the Rock and Refuge.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on the eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace for ever flow,
Their thirst to satisfy

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a soothing shade.

5 How glorious He! how happy they
In such a constant Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

65. C. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Christ, the way, truth, and life.

THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death I flee;
And he who would the Father own,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone,
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

66. S. M. *Steele.*

Jesus, a Shepherd. Psalm xxiii. 1, 2, 3

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest,
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest,
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore,
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

67. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Christ the desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph, and their joy,
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories shall their tongues employ
To all eternity.

68. C M. *Steele*

Jesus the Pearl of great price. Matt. xiii. 45, 46

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.

5 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

69 C. M. *Toplady.*

Jesus all in all.

COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow—for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.

4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I 'd burn;
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I 'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I 'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

70. C. M. *Steele.*

Jesus a Surety. Heb. vii. 22. Prov. xi. 15

THE kind Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy, love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

2 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man—O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled.

3 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwel
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

4 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope this love extends
Its sacred power to me?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

71. C. M. *Cowper.*

Fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

72. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Christ is the Head of the Church. Eph. iv 5, 16

JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thine own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

73. L. M. *Medley.*

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.

'I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;'
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to banish all my fears,
He lives to wipe my falling tears;
Lives to relieve my burthen'd heart,
And lives all blessings to impart.

4 He lives my kind, my faithful friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
And lives to bring me safely there.

5 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
'I know that my Redeemer lives!'

74. C. M. *Steele.*

Christ the Centre of Holy Desires.

DEAR centre of my soul's desires,
And sovereign of my heart,
What sweet delight thy name inspires!
What bliss thy smiles impart!

2 Jesus! O loveliest, dearest name!
And wilt thou condescend
To own the bold, yet humble claim,
My everlasting friend?

3 Too oft, alas! my passions rove
In search of meaner charms;
Trifles unworthy of my love
Divide me from thy arms.

4 Come, dearest Lord, with power divine,
And drive thy foes away;
O be my heart, my passions thine,
And never, never stray.

75. C. M. *Watts.*

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

76. S. M. *Altered.*

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

JESUS, thou heavenly Lamb,
Take all my sins away;
Give me to trust thy holy name,
And thy sweet rule obey.

2 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

3 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

77. S. M. *Watts.*

Righteousness and strength in Christ.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
'By which I will be known.'

2 'Ye dying souls that sit
'In darkness and distress,
'Look from the borders of the pit
'To my recovering grace.'

3 Sinners shall hear the sound,
Their thankful tongues shall own,
'Our righteousness and strength are found
'In thee, the Lord, alone.'

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And feel their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

78. L. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.

3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, 'The Lord our righteousness.'

79. C. M. *Watts.*

Justification by faith. Rom. iii. 19—22.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

80. L. M.

I am the way. John xiv. 6.

I AM the way,' the Saviour cries,
'The only way that leads to God;'—
Behold! he bleeds, he groans, he dies,
And marks the way with streams of blood

2 'A thousand ways in ruin end,
'This only leads to joys on high;
'By this my willing steps ascend,
'Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.'

3 Faith only finds the heavenly way,
The faith that works by love to God
And works of love from day to day,
Still prove that we are on the road.

REDEMPTION.

81. C. M.

Redemption, particular and complete

I SING redemption through his blood
Who died to set me free;
Redemption worthy of a God,
From endless misery.

2 Redeem'd,—and yet to prison consign'd,
And bound with iron chains!
No;—God's redemption frees the mind
From sin and endless pains.

3 Redemption breaks the captive's chain,
And sets the soul at large;
Washes the filthy leper clean,
Proclaims a full discharge.

4 Redeem'd!—ye ransom'd sons of men,
Proclaim the truth abroad;
Ye seraphs, catch the pleasing theme,
And bear it up to God.

82. C. M.

Redemption by Price.

LORD, what is man, that thou shouldst look
Upon our guilty race?
Or write his name within thy book,
Thy book of life and grace?

2 Conceiv'd in sin—expos'd to death
By thy revenging law;
Soon as he draws the vital breath,
An heir of sin and woe.

3 O the compassion of our God,
Of infinite degree!
Jesus sustains our guilty load,
And dies to set us free!

4 Down to the cross he bends his way,—
Nail'd to the fatal wood;
He groan'd his precious life away,
And purchas'd us with blood.

83. C. M.

Redemption of the Church.

CHRIST tasted death for all our race,
Redeem'd the Church with blood;
These are the chosen sons of grace,
The favourites of the Lord.

2 For them he bore the painful cross,
And died to set them free,—
Fulfill'd his Father's injured laws,
And with him they shall be.

3 From sin, and sorrow, death and pain,
He will them all redeem;
All those for whom the Lamb was slain,
Must be complete in him.

4 United to their living head,
They life and bliss derive;
And, till the Lord forgets his word,
They shall for ever live.

84. C. M *Watts.*

Redemption by Price and Power.

JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his flood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital blood.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

85. L. M. *Stennett.*

It is Finished. John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd!—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died:

'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd.
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

86. C. M. *Watts.*

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies

ARISE my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixt my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode,
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;

Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

87. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The great Legacy.

OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeath'd,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
He came as viewless too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart,
One heart wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his, and his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling place,
O make them more like thee.

88. C. M. *Watts.*

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

89. L. M. *Watts.*

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds new glories on them all.

5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow amongst them there.
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

90. S. M. *Relief Hymns.*

'Tis God that worketh in you.

'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

91. C. M. *Watts.*

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14—1

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

92. C. M. *Watts.*

Regeneration. John iii. 3.

THE Spirit, like some heavenly wind
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

2 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise,
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

93. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Divine Drawings Celebrated. Hos. xi. 4.

MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet so strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou sawest us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

94. C. M. *Whitefield's Collection.*

The Holy Spirit invoked.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love

2 Wake! heavenly wind; arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

3 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each slumb'ring hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

4 Then shall we prove thy worship sweet,
And love thy sacred courts;
Where saints in blest communion meet,
And God, our God, resorts.

95. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

COME, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill our frozen hearts with love
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

2 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

3 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing be too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

96. S. M. *C. Psalmody.*

The Holy Spirit implored.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
My stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

2 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

97. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Desiring to love the brethren unfeignedly

GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;

With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure;
Let every heart, and every hand,
Join in the dear fraternal band

3 Celestial Dove! descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

98. C. M. *Dobell's Selection.*

The presence of God invoked.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour the Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence here,
And trust our living Lord.

3 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
O make our frozen bosoms melt,
Dissolve these hearts of stone.

99. C. M.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

SPIRIT Divine! we barren prove,
Except thou fill the place;
O breathe resistless power and love—
Diffuse thy conquering grace!

2 Make stubborn sinners freely yield
To thy superior sway—
Vanquish'd Apollyon quit the field,
And enemies obey.

3 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,—
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

104. S. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The soul excited to praise.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide,
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He heals thy sad infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee by his truth,
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace has made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

105. 7's. *Relief Hymns.*

Jesus, King of kings.

KING of kings and Lord of lords!
These are great and awful words;
'Tis to Jesus they belong,—
Let his people raise their song.

2 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop,—
This is now thy people's hope;
Thou wast poor that they might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

106. L. M. *Medley.*

I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

107. L. M. *Needham.*

God so loved the world that he gave his Son.

GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O, what could more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be just, and yet forgive.

3 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands·
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

108. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God;—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

109. C. M. *Relief Hymns*

Praise to Christ our Priest.

COME, let us join our noblest songs
To our ascended Priest;
He enter'd heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below, he wash'd our guilt away
By his atoning blood;
And now he sits upon the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Cloth'd with our nature, still he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And sympathizes with our griefs,
Because he felt the same.

4 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to hear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim.

110. 7's. *Relief Hymns.*

Songs of Praise

SONGS of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

3 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

111. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

God may be worshipped everywhere.

WHERE'ER ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
Jesus our Lord is there.

2 His presence is diffus'd abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

3 Be in our midst,—let faith rejoice,
Our risen Lord to view;
Now make our spirits hear thy voice,
Say,—"Peace be unto you!"

112. C. M. *Watts.*

God's eternal Dominion.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thy immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thy eternal thoughts move on,
Thy undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

113. L. M. (117 Ps.) *Watts.*

Let all the world praise God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

114. C. M.

God's Majesty and Dominion.

I SING the God whose power and love
Through all his works are shown;
The God who sits enthron'd above
What creatures e'er have known.

2 By his decree the sea is bound,
Nor can it farther move;
This is the girdle thrown around
The heirs of endless love:—

3 This is the gulf for ever fixt,
And always must remain;
The unpass'd gulf that lies betwixt
The worlds of bliss and pain.

4 At his reproof the earth gives way,
Its massy pillars bend;
His voice the cherubim obey,
And tremblingly attend.

5 O Thou, who didst salvation bring
My guilty soul befriend;
Speak in my favour to the King,
Whilst at thy throne I bend.

6 When earth and seas thy presence fly,
O then may I abide,
Protected by thy watchful eye,
And shelter'd by thy side!

115. C. M. *Watts.*

Christ worshipped by all the Creation.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,

Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

116. C. M. *Watts.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and,—O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

117. C. M. *Anon.*

He is the Head of all Principalities and Powers.

BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's Almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,

Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it tremble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the sacred joy.

6 While we, with heavenly rapture fir'd,
The great Redeemer sing;
And chant our consecrated lays
To our immortal King.

118. L. M. *Watts.*

Desiring to love Jesus.

COME, let me love....or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

3 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies!

4 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

5 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
'By these dear wounds,' says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

6 Sure I must love.....or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears—
This heart shall yield to death, or love.

119. C. M.

Revelation of God's purposes makes his Saints happy

LOW would I bow beneath thy feet,
Thou infinite Unknown!
And humbly hope thy smile to meet,
Through thine exalted Son.

2 A crawling worm, thy name to praise,
Attempts the lofty song;
Too high for seraphim to raise,
Too grand for Gabriel's tongue.

3 Long ere the hills or mountains stood,
Or sun or spheres revolv'd,
Th' Eternal, the Almighty God,
Had all his ways resolv'd.

4 Th' unbounded mind through future pierc'd,
And saw creation rise;
All things, the last as well as first,
Were present in his eyes.

5 Things fit disclos'd, the rest conceal'd
From every creature's eye;
Until most happily reveal'd,
To heighten joys on high.

6 Till I shall reach that happy place,
I would not anxious prove,
Only to feel thy saving grace,
And know that thou art *Love*.

120. *Watts.*

God's greatness awes sinners to silence.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,

Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

3 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

121. C. M. *Watts.*

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

5 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

122. C. M. *Watts.*

The Robe of Righteousness.

AWAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

123. L. M. *Watts.*

Restoring and Persevering Grace.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I 'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

3 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting hopes revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

124. S. M. *Watts.*

Persevering Grace. Jude, ver. 24, 25.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsels and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

125. S. M. *Swain.*

The constraining motives to praise.

WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquer'd, fall;
When grace and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?—

3 When the sweet gospel sound,
The silver trump of heaven,
Proclaims to contrite souls around,
That all their sin 's forgiven ?—

4 When heaven's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet,
And Jesus at their entrance waits,
To place them on his seat ?

5 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing ?

126. C. M. *Watts.*

The examples of Christ and his Saints.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest ;

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

127. L. M. *Watts.*

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,

Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies;
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to mine eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing,
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

128. C. M. *Watts.*

God my only happiness. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon;
If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

129. S. M. *Watts.*

God all, and in all. Psalm lxxii. 25

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

2 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face:

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

6 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,—
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher!

130. C. M. *Steele.*

The Christian's prospect.

HAPPY the soul whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time,
With undesiring eyes.

2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth, and fame, invite his arms,
And tempt his ears in vain.

3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

4 His hopes are fixt on joys to come;
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

5 O were those heavenly prospects mine,
Those pleasures could I prove,
Earth's fleeting joys I would resign,
And raise my hopes above.

131. L. M. *Steele.*

The worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24.

O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low, before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme,
Awake our faith, and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place!
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

132. C. M. *Watts.*

The saints glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

'THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine
'Whence all their white array?
'How came they to the happy seats
'Of everlasting day?'

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face,
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock,
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
All sorrows from their eyes.

133. C. M. *Watts.*

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10

PURE are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace,
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see, or taste the bliss.

2 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

3 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found,
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

134. C. M. *Watts.*

The beatific sight of Christ.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I 'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure, and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

135. L. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

The Christian rising to God.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For, strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

136. C. M. *Watts.*

The Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

IN the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

2 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

3 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

137. S. M. *Watts.*

The Lord's Day; or, delight in Ordinances.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

138. C. M. *Dobell's Selection.*

God's blessing invoked on Sabbath exercises.

ON this sweet morn the Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave!

He died to vanquish all my foes;
Again he lives to save.

2 No heavenly fire my heart can raise,
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle prayer and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

3 On all thy flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;—
A sweet, refreshing, heavenly shower,
Will make them sing and pray.

4 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the furnish'd food,
And bid the folds rejoice.

139. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

The Lord's Day delightful to Christians.

ON this delightful day
The Saviour burst the tomb;
And we to praise and pray,
Together here are come:
O Jesus, meet thy flock to-day,
Thy grace impart, thy power display.

2 On this delightful day,
Peculiarly thy own,
O Jesus, come away,
And meet us in thy dome:
Give us to join the heavenly lays,
And sing aloud thy worthy praise.

3 On this delightful day,
Thy saints in general meet;
O, why should any stay
From thy transporting seat!
May millions in the different parts,
This day to Jesus yield their hearts!

4 On this delightful day,
The bread of life is given;

May Christ his grace display,
An antepast of heaven;
And when we leave this earthly dome
May angel bands conduct us home.

140. S. M. *Dobell's Selection.*

The Lord is risen. Luke xxiv. 34.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose;
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name;
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid—
For us the law fulfill'd;
On him our loads of guilt were laid—
We by his stripes are heal'd.

4 Ye saints, adore his name
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

141. L. M. *Watts.*

Angels punished and men saved.

FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down,
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sovereign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay?
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise,
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

142. C. M. *Watts.*

Praise for creation and redemption.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne,
All glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he, and we 'll adore his name,
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

143. C. M. *Steele.*

The joys of Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease,
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

5 The Saviour, dying, rising, crown'd,
Shall swell the lofty strains;
Seraph and saint his praise resound,
Through all th' ethereal plains.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in the blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

144. C. M. *Watts.*

Meditation of heaven; or, the joy of faith.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

145. S. M. *Parkinson's Selection.*

Praise to the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For all whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ our sovereign King.

5 Soon we shall hear him say,
'Ye blessed children, come;'
Soon he will call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

146. L. M. *Watts.*

The presence of Christ in worship delightful.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 Here, gracious Lord, we still would stay,
And sing the pleasing hours away;
As Tabor's mount, the place is sweet,
Whene'er thy smiling face we meet.

3 O write upon each memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word,
That we may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this roving heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may retire and walk with God.

147. C. M. *Cennick.*

Lord's day evening.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here.
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

148. C. M. *Watts.*

The doctrine and use of the Trinity.

FATHER of Glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine,
In harmony and praise.

149. C. M. *Watts.*

Of the Church when delivered from Enemies.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye Christian skies, reflect the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee, our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thy envious foes devise.

4 Almighty grace defends his church
From their malicious power;
Let Christians with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

150. L. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance.

PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Salvation doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song,
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight,
Hence, in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

151. L. M.

A Thought on the Fourth of July.

GREAT Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Thy mandate, thy almighty breath,
Can bid a thousand worlds arise,
Or dash a thousand worlds to death.

2 The nations all beneath thine eye
Are nothing, vanity, and less;
At thy command they live or die,
Or naught enjoy, or all possess.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty Lord!
The triumph of the day belongs;
O let Columbia's sons record
Thy praise, in grateful, lasting songs!

4 Unfurl thy banner, mighty God!
Make sin and tyrants bow to thee;
O'er all creation sway thy sword,
And bid a rescu'd world be free!

THE SCRIPTURES.

152. C. M. *Epis. Coll.*

God's Word.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

4 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

5 Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

153. 7's.

Search the Scriptures. John v. 39.

'SEARCH the Scriptures,' saith the Lord,
'They contain my holy word;
'Search them, blinded pharisee,
'They do testify of me.'

2 They alone can wound and heal,
Make the hardest heart to feel,
Speak, at once, our sins forgiven,
Guide us all the way to heaven.

3 They disclose the Saviour's name,
And our frozen hearts inflame;
Cheer our souls along the road,
Show us if we 're born of God.

4 They can arm us for the fight,
Gird us with immortal might;
Cause our foes to quit the field,
While the Spirit's sword we wield

5 Book of books! of all, the best;
Give me this, take all the rest;
Other books may souls betray,
This can never lead astray.

6 Here I build my lasting hope,
Here my weakness finds a prop;
Jesus, to thy arms I fly—
On thy word would live and die.

154. C. M. *Watts.*

The Holy Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

155. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Knowledge and joy, from the Word.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

LAW AND SIN.

156. L. M. *Medley.*

The Law of God the test. Dan. v. 27.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
Behold the judgment drawing nigh;

Behold the balance is display'd,
Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.

2 See, in one scale, God's holy law:
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Canst thou the awful test sustain?
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold! the hand of God appears,
And writes in dreadful characters,
'Tekel!' thy soul is wanting found;
With trembling hear the solemn sound.

4 One only hope can yet prevail,
Jesus, for thee, can turn the scale:
Can give thy guilty conscience peace,
And save thee by his righteousness.

157. C. M.

The Nature and Desert of Sin.

IN but one single point, if thou
Offend God's holy Rule,
The vengeance of the broken Law
Rests heavy on thy soul.

2 Down to the deeps of endless woe,
One sin the angels hurl'd;
One sin, and that a small one too,
Brought ruin on this world.

3 An evil thought, an idle word,
A cherish'd wrong desire,
Provokes the vengeance of the Lord,
Kindles an endless fire.

4 Tremble, my soul, before that God
Whose Rule must ne'er be broke,
Obey the precepts of his word,
Lest thou his wrath provoke.

158. L. M. *Watts.*

Faith and Repentance, with their opposites.

LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead;
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies

GOSPEL GRACE.

159. C. M. *Watts.*

The Invitation of the Gospel. Isaiah lv. 1—7

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

160. L. M. *Watts.*

The inward Witness to Christianity. 1 John, v. 10

JESUS, thy witness speaks within;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

2 The guilty wretch, that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

161. C. M. *Watts.*

The Invitations of the Gospel.

LO! there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'

2 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief,
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O! help my unbelief!

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

4 Stretch out thine arms, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness;
My Saviour and my all.

162. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *Rippon's Selection.*

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,

The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there 's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

163. L. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Invitation to Sinners.

O COME! ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:—

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:—

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The faith that wafts the soul to heaven.

4 The overflowing power of grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

164. C. M. *Steele.*

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye mourners, come,—'tis mercy's voice
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

165. C. M. *Steele.*

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every willing guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms!
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,—
But see, there yet is room.'

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

166. L. M. *Steele.*

The Weary and Heavy-laden Invited.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here, mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

3 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

167. L. M. *Altered.*

Come and see. John i. 46.

JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds!
His word declares 'his grace is free,'
Come, needy sinner,—'come and see.'

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree,
Come, thoughtless sinner,—'come and see'

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
'Till death had done its dreadful part;
His boundless love extends to thee,
Come, trembling sinner,—'come and see.'

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
This fountain open stands for thee,
Come, guilty sinner,—'come and see.'

5 Come, and behold his glories shine,
Come, sing his praise in songs divine;
He bleeds, he dies on Calvary!
Come, sinners, all,—O! 'come and see.'

168. L. M. *Dobell's Selection.*

I will in no wise cast out. John vi. 37.

HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,—
Come, trembling souls, dismiss your fear.
He saith, and who his word can doubt?
'I will in no wise cast you out.'

2 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt,—
He will in no wise cast you out.

3 Lord, at thy call behold I come,
A guilty soul, lost, and undone;
On thy rich blood I cast my soul,
O make my wounded spirit whole!

169. C. M. *Jones.*

I will go in unto the King. Esther iv. 16.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
'Hath like a mountain rose;
'I know his courts, I'll enter in,
'Whatever may oppose.

3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
'And there my guilt confess;
'I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
'Without his sovereign grace.

4 'I'll to the gracious King approach,
'Whose sceptre pardon gives;
'Perhaps he may command my touch,
'And then the suppliant lives.

5 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
'Perhaps will hear my prayer;
'But if I perish I will pray,
'And perish only there.

6 'I can but perish if I go;
'I am resolv'd to try;
'For if I stay away, I know
'I must for ever die.

7 'But if I die with mercy sought
'When I the king have tried;
'This were to die—delightful thought!—
'As sinner never died.'

170. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *Dobell's Selection.*

God, Gracious and Precious. Psalm cxxxix. 17.

INDULGENT God, how kind
Are all thy ways to me!
Whose dark, benighted mind,
Was enmity to thee;
Yet now subdu'd by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for thine embrace.

2 Preserv'd in Jesus, when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have been,
But thou dost all things well;
Thy love was great—thy mercy free,
Which from the pit deliver'd me.

3 A monument of grace,
A sinner sav'd by blood;
The streams of love I trace
Up to their fountain God!

And in his sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

171. L. M. *Watts.*

God dwells with the humble. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS saith the High and Lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne;
'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too.

2 'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.'

3 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

172. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's invitation to sinners. Mat. xi. 28–30

'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
'Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
'I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
'And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'Blest is the man whose shoulders take
'My yoke, and bear it with delight;
'My yoke is easy to his neck,
'My grace shall make the burden light.

3 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,—
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

173. C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Now is the accepted time. 2 Cor. vi. 2.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he 'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

174. S. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Who hath hardened himself, and prospered?

ALL-SEEING, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

2 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

1 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God!
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

175. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *Dobell's Selection*

God reasoning with men. Isa. i. 18.

YE sin-sick souls, draw near,
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounties share,
And loud hosannas sing:
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here 's balm to heal your bleeding wounds.

2 But may a soul like mine,
All stain'd with guilt and blood,
Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God?
Yes! Jesus calls—come, sinners, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

176. L. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Heaven seen by faith.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,

His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still:—

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

177. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Joy a grace of the Spirit.

WHERE Christ the Lord has planted grace.
And made his glory known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope which triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy which never fail,
Refreshing and divine.

4 These are the joys which satisfy,
And purify the mind;
That make our spirits mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

178. L. M. *Watts.*

None but Christ.

IN vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

2 Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

179. S. M.

Perfection.

PERFECTION here below,—
Let men say what they please—
Is not to be attain'd unto,
Except in small degrees.

2 By faith we trust the Lord,
By love we do his will,
By hope we wait to be restor'd,—
But are imperfect still.

3 The nearest, best approach
To sweet perfection we
Attain to in this lower church,
Is deep humility:—

4 Except we ought to say,
That patience is the crown;
When patience has her perfect work,
The graces all are grown.

180. 7's. *Dobell's Selection.*

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

LORD, how large thy bounties are!
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend;
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!

2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

181. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ our Strength. 2 Cor. xii. 7—9, 10.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains
While his left hand my head sustains

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

182. C. M. *Watts.*

Strength from Heaven. Isa. xl. 27—30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where 's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might,
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss;
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

183. C. M. *Watts.*

The faithfulness of God in his promises.

PROCLAIM 'salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men!'
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

3 He that can dash whole worlds to death
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that Almighty breath
Fulfils his deep decrees.

4 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

5 O might I hear that heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'thou art mine,'
Those gentle words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

184. C. M. *Watts.*

God's Dominion and Decrees.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

185. L. M. *Altered.*

Election the cause of salvation. Eph. i. 4—6.

CHOSEN and blest in Christ our Head,
Before the world or heavens were made;
In Jesus sav'd before he died,
And by his merits justify'd.

2 Chosen to holiness within,
To freedom from the power of sin;
To faith in Christ's atoning blood,
Or else, no flesh shall see the Lord.

3 In Christ the Lord's appointed time,
They feel, and mourn, the guilt of sin;
With all their hearts return to God,
Embrace, and keep the heavenly road

186. L. M.

Election, a most humbling doctrine to believers.

ELECTION!—'tis most sweet to those
God hath from everlasting chose;
With melting hearts they humbly cry,
O, Precious Lord! why was it I?

2 Why brought to view thy smiling face,
And taste the sweetness of thy grace?
Why was I not to ruin hurl'd
With Sodom, or a sinking world?

3 Did God embrace me in his Son,
Ere man was form'd, or time begun?
Eternal love! how rich, how free!
Lord, I resign myself to thee.

187. C. M. *Watts.*

Distinguishing Love.

DOWN from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

2 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

3 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

4 O! for this love let earth and skies,
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

188. C. M. *Watts.*

Christian Virtues; or, the Difficulty of Conversion.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high;

'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passions suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence;
All sinful pleasures fly,
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour;
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

189. S. M. *Newton.*

Few Saved; or, the Narrow Way.

DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ the living gate,
But those who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small;
And none are safe but they.

5 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And cause them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

190. L. M. *Watts.*

Pardoning Grace.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish, for op'ning day
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixt upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

191. S. M. *Watts.*

Forgiveness of Sins, upon Confession.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care
Their lips and lives, without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confest my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

192. C. M. *Steele.*

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1, 2.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet, sovereign mercy calls, 'return,'
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to love and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

193. L. M. *Gibbons.*

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around:
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardours glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

194. S. M. *Watts.*

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3. Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down the Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

195. C. M. *Watts.*

Characters of the Children of God.

AS new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

3 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

4 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne,
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed celestial joys abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, 'My Father, God!'
With an unwavering tongue.

196. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing 'the Lord our righteousness.'

3 Our very frame is mixt with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

197. C. M. *Watts.*

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

UNSHAKEN as the Sacred Hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

198. C. M. *Watts.*

Mercies and Thanks.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give Him all.

199. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Justification and Safety.

WHERE is the judge that shall condemn
Whom God has justified?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime,
For whom the Saviour died?

2 The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand.
Omnipotent to save.

3 Who, then, can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
Our souls to heaven above?

4 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.

200. C. M. *Needham.*

The fear of God. Prov. xiv. 16.

HAPPY beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

201. C. M. *Turner.*

The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

202. L. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Faith, the Evidence of things unseen.

FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar,
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms, and swelling seas;
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith, we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd
By faith subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest

203. S. M. *Beddome.*

Faith, its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8

FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

204. C. M. *Watts.*

Love to God. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move,
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

205. L. M. *Watts.*

Love and Hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30—32.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

206. 7's. *Rippon's Selection.*

A Prayer for Humility.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

207. C. M. *Watts.*

Humility and Submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee!

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful God.

208. S. M. *Doddridge.*

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!

Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

209. C. M. *Cowper.*

Salvation by Grace alone.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The world shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

210. L. M. *Altered.*

By Grace ye are saved. Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a most delightful theme;
'Tis grace that rescues guilty men;
'Tis grace divine! all-conquering, free!
Or it had never rescu'd me.

2 'T'vas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
And grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my shield, and grace my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger 's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
And grace will bear me safe above.

5 Of grace, free grace alone, I boast,
And 'tis in grace, alone, I trust;
And when I rise to heaven, my home,
I 'll shout free grace! free grace alone!

211. C. M. *Watts.*

A blessed Gospel.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Jesus, our King, for ever reigns,
Our God for ever lives.

212. C. M. *Watts.*

Saints in the hand of Christ. John x. 28 29

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

213. S. M. *Daniel.*

The Church Secure in Christ.

THE time will surely come,
When all the ransom'd race,
With angels shall go shouting home,
To meet their Saviour's face.

2 The church of God on earth,
As well as those above,
Are shelter'd from the storms of wrath,
In robes of dying love.

3 No trials that they meet
Shall rob them of their rest;
For Jesus makes them all complete,
In his own righteousness.

4 All hail, thou conqu'ring King!
Come quickly from above;
And all thy chosen race shall sing
Thy free redeeming love.

214. C. M. *Watts.*

Our comfort in the covenant of grace.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

215. L. M. *Watts.*

God's covenant and promise sure. Heb. vi. 17—19

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The Gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

216. S. M. *Stennett.*

Christ's Sympathy.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

217. C. M. *Watts.*

Salvation.

SALVATION!—O, the joyful sound
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

218. S. M. *Cowper.*

Dependence.

TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

219. L. M. *Watts.*

Grace.

GRACE!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

2 O, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
There all his beauties to behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

220. 7's. *Cowper*

By grace ye are saved. Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE triumphant on the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone:
Come, and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol-works away.

2 But the boasting heart replies,
'What! the worthy and the wise,
'Friends to temperance and peace,
'Have not these a righteousness?'

3 Banish every vain pretence,
Built on human excellence;
Perish every thing in man,
But the grace that never can

221. 7's. *Altered.*

Love of Jesus.

LOVE divine, how sweet the sound!
May the theme on earth abound;
May the hearts of saints below,
With the sacred rapture glow!

2 Love amazing! large and free,
Love unknown, to think on me!
Jesus! of thy love possess'd,
I am now, and shall be blest.

3 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour, is thy love divine;
Drop the veil and let me see
Oceans of this love in thee.

222. C. M. *Newton.*

Your life is hid with Christ in God. Col. iii. 3.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Shall aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

223. 7's. *Altered.*

Gratitude for Converting Grace.

AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
How shall I thy love make known?
How abase my sin and pride?

2 Let me sink beneath the dust,
Full of holy shame adore!
Jesus Christ, the good, the just,
Bids me go and sin no more.

3 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and man,
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again.

4 Keep my feeble, trembling heart;
Cleanse me, Lord, from every stain;
Jesus, thou my Saviour art,
Make and keep me pure within.

5 Guide me all my journey through,
Bring me to thy blest abode;
Aid me all thy will to do—
Let me lose myself in God.

224. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The Lord's Call to his Children

LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above!
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And every word is love.

2 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
The path that leads to death;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view
Look, and be sav'd by faith."

3 Lord, speak these words to every heart,
By thy almighty voice;
That we may all from sin depart,
And make thy ways our choice.

225. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The Weary and Heavy-laden Invited.

COME unto me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fear opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary, troubled souls,
Repose and peace shall find.

3 For, light and gentle is my yoke;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groan'd before
Beneath a load of woes.

226. P. M. *Altered.*

God Invoked.—Sinners Invited.

COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove;
Overturn all that hinders
The course of thy love.

2 My bosom inspire,
Enkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul
In the flames of desire.

3 Where sin did abound,—
How blissful the sound!—
There grace and salvation
Much more shall abound.

4 O sinners, believe,
And you shall receive,
For Jesus is ready,
And willing to give.

GOSPEL MINISTRY.

227. C. M.

At the Opening of Public Worship.

ALMIGHTY Spirit! O impart
The power to preach thy word!
Soften to flesh the stony heart,
And show thyself the Lord.

2 Disclose the suffering Son of God
Nail'd to the cross of woe,
Bleeding beneath sin's heavy load,
And make our sorrows flow.

3 Saviour of men! thy love extends
Wide as thy suffering pain;
In all thy conquering power descend,
With love our hearts inflame.

4 Work in us both to will and do,
And all our feelings sway;
That we may work, with trembling too
Lest we be cast away.

5 Lift up our souls above the earth
And all its trifling toys;
Diffuse through every breast the faith
That guilt and shame destroys.

228. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Ministerial Responsibility.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A soul immortal to be sav'd,
And fitted for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
The strict account to give.

229. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Before Preaching.

ALMIGHTY Saviour! Son of God,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou knowest to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from our hearts remove,
Thou, who for sinners died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

6 Ready thou art the blood t'apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffer'd this for you."

230. L. M. *Newton.*

Behold the Lamb of God!

COME, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood
Behold his side, and venture near,
The spring of endless life is there.

2 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can fully quench the thirst of love.

231. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Jesus.

JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into helpless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
All willing souls embrace.

4 His only righteousness I know,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, behold the Lamb!

5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him in life, and then in death
Resign my soul to Him.

232. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The Desire.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did my soul redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love
And in his arms expire!

233. 7's. *Epis. Coll.*

Many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.

SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy-seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies;
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say,—I know you not.

3 Mournfully will they exclaim,
Lord, we have profess'd thy name;
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say,—I know you not.

234. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer to be profited by the Word.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our guilt away.

4 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

235. S. M. *Watts.*

Before Sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne,
And bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4 Let not your heart refuse
The language of his grace,
Lest, like the unbelieving Jews,
You meet his frowning face.

236. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Christian Fellowship.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
We humbly come to seek thy face,
O may our prayer be heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thy easy yoke;
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 All made into one Spirit drink,
Baptiz'd into thy name—
O make us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
And may we all the loving mind
That was in Christ receive.

5 Grant this, and then from all below,
In thy own time remove;
To thy dear bosom let us go,
Made perfect in thy love.

237. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The healing Name of Jesus.

LO! to the hills I lift mine eye,
Thy promis'd aid to claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
Jesus that favourite name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A healing cure for every wound,
All that I want is there.

238. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer for mutual Assistance.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 And, when the blessed work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;—
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

239. L. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Be ye reconciled to God.

GOD, the offended God, most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 You in the stead of Christ they pray,
You in the stead of God entreat;
O cast your arms, your sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

240. L. M. *Watts.*

The descent of the Spirit on the Disciples

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the devout disciples met,
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 He arm'd and sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;—
Bold to assert the Saviour's cause,
And spread his doctrine and his laws.

3 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are!
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low.

4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued,
And willing captives to their Lord,
Display the triumphs of his word.

5 Still wider may thy triumphs spread,
Till all shall own our glorious Head;
Obey the precepts thou hast given,
And thus be led to God and heaven.

241. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Christian Unity.

TO dwell in unity and love,
Becomes the heirs of grace;

The Spirit is sent down to join
Them in the bonds of peace.

2 One body we, one spirit too,
One hope our calling gives;
The hope of heaven each saint partakes,
And by this hope he lives.

3 In one baptismal rite we share,
The faith we hold is one;
One Lord is King of all the earth,
Even Jesus on his throne.

4 One God of all, Father of all,
Exalted all above;
Who by his power rules over all,
And in us all by love.

5 However various are our gifts,
The end is still the same;
The good of all, the Author seeks,—
And blessed be his name.

242. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Living and Dying to Christ.

JESUS, to whom we now belong,
Thy sovereign claim assert;
To thee we owe the grateful song,
To thee the loving heart.

2 Jesus, thy own e'en now receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire;
O let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

243. L. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The Preaching of Jesus.

HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace!
When listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way,—
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:—
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

244. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Divine Help implored.

HELP us, O Lord! each hour of need
Thy timely succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Lord, help us still the more.

3 O help us through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Father, from on high,—
We know no help but thee;
O! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

245. C. M. *Presbyterian Standard.*

Behold the Lamb of God!

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 He came to take the sinner's place,
And ransom us with blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruin'd race,
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word,—
The chief of sinners need not fear,
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

246. L. M. *Pres. Standard.*

Jesus, the True Light.

LIGHT of our souls! thyself reveal;
Thy power and presence let us feel,
And know, and see the wondrous things
Conceal'd from prophets, priests, and kings.

2 Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine,
To give the light of truth divine;
Shine, Jesus, still, from day to day,
Till all that 's dark be done away.

247. C. M.

Sinners solemnly called.

ETERNITY, with all its years,
Hangs on this point of time;
Awake! our hopes,—awake! our fears,
Our hearts to God incline.

2 Sinners. attend the voice from heaven,
The moment is at hand;—
He that believes shall be forgiven,—
He that rejects—be damn'd.

3 Breathe, sacred Spirit, make us feel
Our guilt a heavy load;
Wound, and apply the balm to heal,
Balm of the Saviour's blood.

4 Wake! every slumbering soul, awake!
Flee from the wrath to come!
Almighty God, the nations shake!
Shake Satan's kingdom down!

248. C. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Lord's Day Worship.

THIS is the day the Lord has made,
Let young and old rejoice;
To Him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord;
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With rev'rence seek his face.

3 The homage that the Lord requires
Of us, is praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleas'd through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done;—
He bids them go in peace.

249. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

After Sermon.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of thee and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, in mercy sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

250. L. M. *Pres. Standard.*

Final Decision.

BEFORE the great Jehovah's bar,
Soon must assembled worlds appear,
And every deed, and word, and thought,
Shall into judgment then be brought.

2 Then all shall hear their righteous doom,
Of wrath or endless joys to come,
And each receive his just reward,
Of bliss, or vengeance, from the Lord.

251. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The Lord's day, and its ordinances.

WITH Mary's love, without her fear,
Come, let us haste to pay
Our early visit to the tomb,
Where our Redeemer lay.

2 The grave cannot our dust retain,
The stone is roll'd away;
Well may we now our flesh resign
To rest where Jesus lay.

3 We welcome in the joyful morn,
Which bears the Saviour's name,
When from the dark abode of death
The Lord triumphant came.

4 "Jesus, the name high over all,"
Shall dwell upon our tongues,
And full, and free salvation be
The burden of our songs.

252. C. M. *Watts.*

The Immortal Soul committed to Jesus.

MAN has a soul that never dies;
And once it leaves the clay,
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

2 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils drag it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

3 And must this body faint and die?
And must my soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

4 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hands
My naked soul I trust;
And here my body waiting stands
To drop into its dust.

253. C. M. 95*th Psalm.*

Before Sermon.

COME, let us worship and bow down
Before our Maker's face;
Come, let us kneel before his throne,
His peaceful throne of grace.

2 We are the people of his choice,
And of his flock a part;
To-day if you will hear his voice,
O harden not your heart!

3 They who despise the offer'd grace,
And spurn it from their breast,
Shall never see my smiling face,
Nor enter into rest.

254. C. M.

The Lamentation over Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, O hadst thou known,
In this thy day of grace,

The things that to thy peace belong,
And sought the Saviour's face!

2 Hadst thou o'er all thy follies griev'd,
Embrac'd the heavenly word,
And in Messiah hadst believ'd,
The Only Son of God;—

3 Then over thee I had not wept,
These tears had been restrain'd,
And then releas'd from conscious guilt,
Thou hadst in peace remain'd.

4 But now, alas! those glorious things
Are from thine eyes conceal'd;
Conceal'd from Priests, and haughty Kings,
And unto babes reveal'd.

5 Saviour, to thee my heart incline,
In this my gracious day;
To thee I all my powers resign,
Would all thy will obey.

255. C. M.

Come to Christ Now.

COME, sinners, to the Saviour come,
Nor longer dare delay;
His word declares there yet is room,
Why will you lingering stay?

2 Haste, sinners! to the Saviour flee,
How dare you longer wait!
Now is the time, or—it may be
Eternally too late.

256. L. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

AUTHOR and object of our faith,
Look down from thy resplendent throne,
Scatter the shades of moral death,
And claim the nations for thy own.

2 Look, and the idol gods confound;
Breath of the Lord, salvation bring;
Speak, and the listening world around,
Shall yield to thee, their Sovereign King.

3 Arise! thou brilliant sun, arise!
Diffuse abroad thy cheering ray;
Pour light divine on heathen eyes,
And guide them to the realms of day.

257. C. M. *Cowper.*

Walking with God, Gen. v. 24.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

258. C. M.

Prayer for Mourners.

IS there a trembling mourner here?
Lord, do not say—depart!
But wipe away the falling tear,
Bind up the broken heart.

2 Thy blood the sacred balm for sin,
The great Physician thou;
Unbar our bosoms, enter in;
O Jesus, enter *now*.

3 *Now* is the time, th' accepted time,
The day of grace is *now*;
Enfeebled age, and youthful prime,
To Christ the Saviour bow.

259. C. M.

Despairing Sinners encouraged.

THE vilest of the human race,
Who yet is out of hell,
May, if he will, be sav'd by grace,
And feel the Spirit's seal.

2 Despairing sinner, lift thine eyes
To yonder cross, and see,—
See! where the Prince of Glory dies,
And dies, my soul, for thee!

3 Ah! mourner, he has died for thee,
And borne thy guilty load!
Now make the effort to be free,
Yield up thy heart to God.

260. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

O SINNERS, to the Saviour go!
Pour forth your ardent cries;
Let streams of sacred sorrow flow
From all your weeping eyes.

2 Your sins have made the Saviour bleed,
Have pierc'd his wounded side;
Have crown'd with thorns his sacred head;
For you he bled and died.

3 'Tis sin that to destruction leads,
With poison strews the path;
Now lift to Christ your guilty heads,
And conquer sin by faith.

4 He that in Christ the Lord believes,
Shall sin and hell outdo;
Who Christ the conqueror receives,
Shall be a conqueror too.

5 Faith in his name the dead awakes,
And makes the slothful move;
'Tis faith that Satan's kingdom shakes,
The faith that works by love.

6 Arise! believer, from the earth,
The conquering shield put on;
Display the power of living faith,—
March on and take the crown.

261. L. M.

Invitation to Sinners.

COME, sinners, to the bleeding Lamb,
Receive salvation in his name;
No longer stay from his embrace,
Whose heart o'erflows with boundless grace

2 O'er a lost world his bowels roll,
He smiles on every contrite soul;
And yielding sinners shall receive,
All that a pardoning God can give.

262. S. M.

Invitation to receive Prayer.

TO you, O men, I call,
To each and every one;
The gospel message is to all;
Whoever will, may come.

2 Sinners in unbelief,
I call you to believe;
Let sobs of penitential grief
Your every bosom heave.

3 Come, kneel before his throne,
Who in Gethsemane
Sustain'd the agony alone,
And knelt and pray'd for thee.

4 Let all who wish to feel,
Now to his altar come,
And there in humble posture kneel,
And wait before his throne.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
In this propitious hour,
And melt our frozen bosoms down,
By thy almighty power.

6 The fear of man remove,
By thy resistless grace;
Let mourners see the Father's love,
Beam in the Saviour's face.

263. S. M. *Montgomery.*

Eternal Life and Death.

THE world can never give
The bliss for which I sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to *live*,
Nor all of death to *die*.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

4 O God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

264. 7's. *Wesley's Coll.*

Sinners pointed to Christ.

SEE, ye sinners, see! the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

2 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul 's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

3 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

265. C. M. Psalm c. *Watts.*

Praise to the Creator.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm, as a rock, thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

266. C. M. *Hart.*

Salvation by Christ alone.

THE law still curses those who break
One precept e'er so small;
And where 's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all?

2 Fly, then, awaken'd sinner, fly!
Your case admits no stay;
The fountain 's open'd now for sin,
Come, wash your guilt away.

3 Behold, from Jesus' wounded side,
The water flows and blood!
If you but touch that purple tide,
You make your peace with God.

4 By faith, alone, in Jesus' wounds,
The sinner gets release;
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

267. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Lovest thou me? Feed my Lambs.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

268. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *Toplady.*

The Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 9—17.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb,
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

269. L. M. *Watts.*

The gospel commission. Mark xiii. 15.

'GO, preach my gospel,' saith the Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
'He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
'He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 'Teach all the nations my commands,
'I'm with you till the world shall end;
'All power is trusted in my hands,
'I can destroy and I defend.'

3 He spake, and light shone round his head,—
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God

270. L. M. *Newton.*

Casting the Gospel-net. Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

NOW, while the gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign power,
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

271. S. M. *Newton.*

Desiring spiritual food.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again,
Assembled at thy mercy's door.
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

272. L. M. *Maclay's Selection.*

The bounties of Christ, rich and free.

THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

2 How vast, how sweet, how full, how free,
Dear Jesus! thy rich treasures be;
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord,
For this we listen to thy word;
Descend, like gentle showers of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

273. C. M. *Newton.*

A Blessing requested.

NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to speak;—
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.

2 Furnish us all with light and powers,
To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

274. 7's. *Maclay's Selection.*

Another.

GRACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,
Give us ears to hear thy word,
Give us hearts to love and fear,
Give us now to find thee near.

2 Let us know and praise thee more,
Let us live on mercy's store;
Let us sing our Saviour's love,
Till we join the saints above.

275. L. M. *Maclay's Selection.*

Desiring a preparation to hear the word.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

2 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will,
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

276. C. M. *Hart.*

Between Sermons.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send,
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.

277. S. M.

Divine Assistance invoked.

ASSIST thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word,
And every breast inflame.

2 Bid unbelief depart,—
Banish the fear of man;
Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3 Make stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wandering to attend,
And make the wounded whole.

4 Extend thy conquering arm,
With banner wide unfurl'd,
Until thy glorious grace shall charm,
And harmonize the world.

278. L. M. *Watts.*

Holiness and Grace. Titus ii. 10—13.

SO let our lips and lives express,
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

279. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Not unto us. Psalm cxv. 1.

NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne
We 'll give thee nobler praise.

280. C. M. *Watts.*

Uniting in Worship.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

281. L. M. *Watts.*

The enjoyment of Christ in worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

282. S. M. *Stennett.*

The Pleasure of Social Worship

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.

286. C. M. *Fawcett.*

Religion, the one Thing Needful.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own!

PART II.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

287. C. M. *Watts.*

Reverential Worship.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compar'd to thine?

3 The northern pole and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

288. C. M.

Psalm xlv. 3.

EXTEND thy conquests far and wide,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Gird on thy sword, majestic ride
O'er all inferior things.

2 From north to south, from east to west,
Send forth thy conquering sword;
Command a trembling world to rest
On thy all-powerful word.

3 Let Asia's idols fall before
The sovereign ark of God;
Let Europe bow, thy name adore,
And feel the Saviour's blood.—

4 Columbia, with ten thousand tongues,
Proclaim thy grace abroad;
And Afric's sable sons, in songs,
Thy boundless love record.

5 Let white, and red, and black, combine,
One general song to raise,
'And heaven and earth the chorus join,
'And shout thine endless praise.'

289. L. M. *Medley.*

And he went forth conquering, &c. Rev. vi. 2

GO forth, thou mighty Conqueror, go
In all the glories of thy power!
And make rebellious sinners know
Thy great salvation, and adore.

2 Far, e'en to earth's remotest bound,
Be, Lord, thy glorious victories spread;
Till millions, by the joyful sound,
In sweet captivity are led.

3 Hasten the bright, the glorious day,
When thou in triumph shalt appear,
Thy full salvation to display
On all whom thou hast conquer'd here.

4 Among them, Lord, may we be found,
Subdu'd by love and power divine;
Then, with celestial glories crown'd,
We shall with thee for ever shine.

290. C. M. *Altered.*

The Universal Triumph of the Gospel.

LORD, smile on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

2 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with the Spirit's power;
Till thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

291. S. M. W. & B.

For the coming of Christ's Kingdom. Psalm lxvii. 1—5

TO bless the chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way,
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let different nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

292. L. M. *Beddome.*

The Increase of the Church.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns!
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

293. S. M. *Watts.*

The blessedness of Gospel times. Isa. v. 2. 7—10.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
'He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

294. L. M.

Desiring to be controlled by Divine Love.

CONVEN'D from different parts, O Lord,
We bow before thy gracious throne;
O may we speak, and hear thy word,
Relying on thy grace alone.

2 May those that preach be well prepar'd
The solemn message to impart;
In prayer and faith may it be heard,
And find access to every heart.

3 May love divine our feelings sway,
And all our actions sweetly guide;
And sin and guilt be done away,
Thro' Him that groan'd, and bled and died.

4 Awake, our souls, in sweetest lays,
Unite our noblest powers to sing,
And hearts and voices join to raise
The praise of Christ our sovereign King.

295. C. M. W. & B.

Asking for the Divine Presence. Psalm cxl. 13.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise;
Our hearts adore thy name.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

296. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Watching for souls. Heb. xiii. 17

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;—
For souls which must for ever live,
In boundless bliss or woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

297. C. M. *Altered.*

Conclusion of Sabbath worship.

WELCOME and precious to my soul,
Are Sabbath-days of love;
But what a glorious rest remains
To be enjoyed above!

2 There, free from languor, pain, and sin,
Our weary souls shall rest,
With Jesus our exalted King,
And be for ever blest.

3 On these delightful, precious days,
My Lord I've often seen;
And feasting on his gracious word,
In raptures I have been.

4 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,—
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

298. C. M. *Cowper.*

The Mysteries of Providence. John xiii. 7.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

299. C. M. *Hart.*

The solemnities of death.

VAIN men, your fond pursuits forbear!
Repent! your end is nigh:
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O! think before you die.

2 Reflect! you've each a soul to save;
Your sins, how high they mount!
What are your hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there 's no defence;
His time there 's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call you hence,
To heaven, or else to hell.

4 Your flesh, perhaps your chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls, to-day;
Sinners, it speaks to you!
Let every one forsake *his* way,
And mercy will ensue;—

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be;
Abundant pardon—peace with God,
All given entirely free.

300. S. M. W. & B.

Judgment is disarmed of terror by Faith.

NOW, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's peaceful voice,
What joyful tidings spread!

2 'Ye sinners, seek his grace,
'Whose wrath ye cannot bear,
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
'And find salvation there.'

301. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Lord, search our hearts!

WE bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood that bought
His pardon on the tree?

3 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

4 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead
And bid the sleeper rise!
And make his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

5 He must believe in Christ, or die;
Repent and turn to thee,—
Or else in chains of guilt must lie
To all eternity.

THE PENITENT.

302. C. M.

False Hope destroyed,—a good one inspired.

MY sins and fears like billows rise,
And sweep my hopes away,
That prayers and tears will e'er suffice
My debt of sin to pay.

2 But while I see the Saviour's veins
Pour forth a purple tide,
My dying hopes revive again
Beneath his bleeding side.

3 Now let me to this fountain go
To wash away my sin;
The sacred streams that from it flow,
Can make the foulest clean.

4 Here, waiting at the pool I lie,
O speak the kind release;
Speak, gracious Saviour, ere I die,
And bid me go in peace.

303. L. M.

The Captive struggling to be free.

I FEEL the strugglings of desire
The value of my soul I feel;
Almighty God, my breast inspire
With conquering faith and holy zeal.

2 Trembling I stand, and still afraid,
That man should see my bosom swell;
Asham'd to lift my guilty head,
Expos'd to all the flames of hell.

3 Reasoning I ask, why should I dread
The scoff of dying worms like me?
Yet, just as soon could raise the dead,
As from this fear myself to free.

4 O Thou whose voice can all control,
And set the guilty captive free,—
Speak thy salvation to my soul;
Bid me arise, and come to thee.

5 Speak, and my broken chains shall fall,
And never bind my soul again;
Speak, and releas'd from sin and thrall,
I shall arise and own thy name.

304. C. M.

The Prayer of the Penitent.

TREMBLING I stand before the Lord
And know not what to do;
My bosom heaves beneath a load,
A load of guilt and woe.

2 Where shall I go, or whither flee,
That I may ease receive?
Divine Redeemer, pity me,
O pity and forgive!

3 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid my guilt remove;
That voice shall raise my drooping head,
And teach my heart to love.

305. C. M.

Be still and know that I am God.

BE still! and know that I am God,
Before my footstool wait;
Whene'er I lift my chast'ning rod,
Let guilty rebels quake.

2 I am Jehovah, I alone
Can kill and make alive;
Sinner, approach my gracious throne,
Believe in Christ and live.

3 Almighty God, I fear thy power,
And trembling bend to thee;
I wait the joy-inspiring hour,
When thou shalt say,—be free!

4 Sunk down beneath a guilty load,
I feel, alas! undone;
And wait to know thee as my God,
In Christ thy only Son.

5 I hear and feel thy awful word,
Through grace I will be still,—
Be still and know that thou art God;—
Bow to thy sovereign will.

306. C. M.

Prayer of the Penitent.

JESUS, thou lover of mankind,
Who did the church redeem,
Wilt thou my captive soul unbind;
Break off these chains of sin?

2 Righteous and true, O Lord, thou art
In all thy glorious ways;
To thee I yield a broken heart—
O heal it by thy grace!

307. S. M.

Prayer for Repentance and Faith.

BESTOW, Almighty God,
The penitent desire;

And by thy word diffuse abroad,
The pure, celestial fire.

2 Melt down my frozen heart,
And bend my will to thee;
The gift of penitence impart,
And set the prisoner free.

3 The conquering faith bestow,
The chains of sin unbind;
Now bid the rescued captive go,
And leave his guilt behind.

308. C. M.

The same.

ALMIGHTY God, I come to thee,
For thou canst all things do,—
O take this flinty stone away,
My stubborn heart renew.

2 Melt down to penitential grief,
The soul that will not grieve;
Destroy the power of unbelief,
And help me to believe.

3 This moment, Lord, the gift bestow,
Nor let me longer wait;—
For Jesus' sake bestow it now,
Lest it should be too late.

309. C. M.

Halting between two opinions.

CONVINC'D that I against thy throne,
A rebel, Lord, have been,
Sometimes I 'm half inclin'd to own,
And seek relief from sin.

2 I dread the awful sound, *depart*
Down to the flames of hell!
And yet this proud, rebellious heart,
Will scarce consent to kneel!

3 If grace has e'er begun the work,
Now, Lord, the work complete;
If not, O let me feel the stroke,
That lays me at thy feet.

4 Kindly invited to return,
Invited, Lord, by thee;
I hasten to thy gracious throne,
And bend the suppliant knee.

5 O melt this stubborn heart of stone,
In thy dissolving blood!
Then shall I bow to thee alone,
And yield to Christ my God.

310. C. M. PART II.

The surrender.

O SAVIOUR, help me to resolve,
And cause my heart to bleed;
May goodness now the stone dissolve,
That I may mourn indeed.

2 Here at thy gracious feet I fall,
And struggling to be free,
Forsaking sin, and self, and all,
I give myself to thee.

311. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The Penitent's prayer and surrender.

THE Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
The hindrance now remove;
With all created things below,
I part for thee, my love.

312. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The breath of Repentance.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

3 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

313. L. M. *Anon.*

Moral inability lamented.

HOW sad 's my state!—I know not how
To please the Lord, or do his will;
Myself and God I want to know,
Yet ignorant of both am still.

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve;
I hate my sins, but cannot turn;
I hear the truth, yet can't believe.

3 Helpless am I, and self-condemn'd;
Incurable I see my wound;
I'd come to Thee, but am asham'd—
O, where shall help for me be found?

4 Where shall so great a sinner run?
Dangers on every side I see;—
I am undone, undone, undone!
Unless the Saviour comes to me.

5 Let pity move thee to appear,
Sinner-receiving Son of God;
In my behalf be kindly near,
And quench my crying sins with blood.

314. C. M.

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

ROUS'D by th' gospel's powerful sound,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame;
Where shall the soothing balm be found,
Balm to relieve my pain?

2 Great God! I've wander'd wide astray
From thy instruction given,
Nor can I find the narrow way,
That leads the soul to heaven.

3 O that I had thy word obey'd,
And early sought thy face!
Spirit divine! afford thine aid;
Bestow the pard'ning grace.

4 'Tis thine the message to impart,
The wanderer to engage,—
Thine to relieve the broken heart,
And all its griefs assuage.

5 Guilty, beneath thy feet I lie,
And anxious seek relief;
Doom'd to eternal death, I cry,
'Help thou mine unbelief."

6 Thy word proclaims, 'there yet is room
For burden'd souls that come;
O, burst my sin-inclosing tomb!—
Release, and bring me home.

315. S. M. *Cowper.*

The Shining Light.

MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
'Flee from the wrath to come.'

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

316. L. M. W. & B.

The weary and heavy laden. Matt. xi. 28.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could, at last, submit
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 When shall my eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary with struggling, Lord, I am,
And yet I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find,
Saviour, if mine, indeed, thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 O come! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away.

317. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Humble pleadings for mercy.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 We sink, with all this weight oppress,
Sink down to death and hell:
O, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.

3 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O let thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 O, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, soon relieve.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

318. S. M. *Newton.*

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4.

BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From day to day, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie!
Surely, the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

5 Yet still, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

6 No: he is full of grace,
And never will permit
The soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

319. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The deceived soul's acknowledgment.

LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor saw its deep design,
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hop'd and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 Where am I now, or what's my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus! to thee my soul looks up,
'Tis thou must make it new.

320. L. M. *Watts.*

The penitent pleading for pardon. Psalm li.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

321. C. M.

Sin acknowledged and forsaken for Christ.

BENEATH thy sacred, awful feet,
A wretch, dear Saviour, lies,
'And upwards to the mercy-seat,'
Extends his faltering cries.

2 He owns his sins, of thought, and deed,
Of heart, and life, and tongue;
So great his guilt, he 's nought to plead,
But feels, alas! undone.

3 O spare me, Lord, and let me live
A monument of grace;
Forgive my numerous sins, forgive,
And bid me go in peace.

4 Hast thou not said, 'who all forsake
'Shall be from sin set free?'
A willing sacrifice I make
Of all, my Lord, for thee.

322. L. M. *Altered.*

Seek the Lord, and ye shall live. Amos v. 4.

LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Oppress'd with guilt, to thee I call!
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, 'seek ye my face?'
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face, thy Spirit give,
O let me see thy face and live.

3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;
If back I turn, hell is my doom;
Here begging in his way I'll lie,
Till christ, the Saviour, passeth by.

4 I'll seek his face, with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at his sacred feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thy word has said—it can't deceive—
'Seek thou my face, and thou shalt live.

PRAYER.

323. C. M. *Montgomery.*

The nature of Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexprest;
The strugglings that to God aspire
Within the human breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—'behold, he prays!'

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
O, teach us how to pray!

324. 7's. *Relief Hymns.*

Intercession of the Spirit.

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Come, thy aid to us supply;
By thy influence, now prepare
Humble hearts for fervent prayer.

2 Dove-like Spirit, now descend,
With our thoughts and feelings blend;
Thou, alone, canst teach alway
What to pray for—how to pray.

3 Come, inspiring fervent prayer,
Be our heavenly Monitor;
Thought and speech of our's may err,
Be thou our Interpreter.

325. C. M.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

COME, let us lift the voice of prayer,
Up to our God on high!
No trembling sinner need despair—
Delivering grace is nigh.

2 Prayer 's not confin'd by walls of stone,
Nor bound by iron chains;
It rises to th' eternal throne,
The throne where Jesus reigns.

3 The prayer of faith the sick shall heal,
The broken heart shall bind;
The hidden truth of God reveal
To soothe the troubled mind

4 The prayer of faith makes rebels shake
And seek to be forgiven;
The cords of sin asunder break,—
Expands the gate of heaven

5 'Twas prayer that lock'd the lions' jaws,
And prayer restrain'd the flame;
'Tis prayer that all our blessings draws
From heaven in Jesus' name.

6 Yet, not on our poor prayers alone,
O God, have we relied;—
Great Advocate before the throne!
To thee we all confide.

326. C. M.

The Request.

O THOU, who didst for sinners die,
Grant me this one *Request*,
For ever at thy feet to lie,
Or lean upon thy breast.

2 No strength have I to walk or stand,
Just nothing can I do,—
O hold me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And never let me go.

327. 7's.

Fervent Prayer to the Trinity.

FATHER, in the dust we lie,
Upwards send the ardent cry,
Nought besides can satisfy,
Give us Christ or else we die.

2 Shed the Holy Spirit down,
Shed Him, Lord, on every one;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Now restore what Adam lost.

328. L. M.

Prayer and Pleading.

UP to the throne where Jesus reigns,
And scatters beams of light and joy,
To God, who all the world sustains,
Come, let us lift the voice of prayer.

2 He sweetens every heaving sigh,
And hears the anxious sinner's groan;
O let our thoughts and wishes fly,
In strong petitions to his throne.

3 Perfum'd with sacred, heavenly blood,
Father, I send my cries to thee,—
Dispel this gloom—remove this load,—
In Christ may I accepted be.

4 His blood I plead, for nought I know
Besides, a sinking soul can find
To ease the heart opprest with woe,
And soothe the sorrows of the mind.

329. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer and Watchfulness.

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watchful power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my roving heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad;
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

330. L. M. *Cowper.*

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there!

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight:
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that 's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,—
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

331. C. M. *Medley.*

At opening a Prayer Meeting.

THE hour of prayer once more is come;
Once more, O Lord, we meet;
Thanks to thy name, there yet is room,
To bow before thy seat.

2 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and prejudice remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

3 The sick, the weak, and those confin'd,
Upon our hearts we bear;
May they be to thy will resign'd,
And thy compassion share.

4 Father! assist their souls, who may
Upon thee farther call;
Banish the fear of man away,
And smile upon us all.

332. C. M *Wesley's Coll.*

The same subject.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let thee go.'

333. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer for Tenderness, and Watchfulness.

QUICK as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

2 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove,
And let me weep from day to day,
For having griev'd thy love.

3 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
That makes the wounded whole.

334. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer for wants to be relieved.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:—

3 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up—firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

4 Give me a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when danger 's near,
And sees the tempter fly:—

5 A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

335. PART II.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Nor wish my sufferings less:—

2 A jealous, just concern
For thy immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

336. L. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Seeking Blessings from Jesus.

JESUS, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,—
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
On thee alone for help I call,
Alone by faith in thee I stand.

3 O thou, my Saviour, brother, friend,
On whom I cast my every care;
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

337. C. M. *Altered.*

Acknowledgment and Petition.

AUTHOR of good! to thee I turn
My anxious longing eyes;

For thou canst all my wants discern,
And grant me rich supplies.

2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love, shall sinful loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

3 Since oft, by error's baits allur'd,
My blind, my stubborn will,
Madly rejects the solid good,
And grasps the tempting ill;—

4 Not to my wish, but to my wants,
Do thou thy gifts apply,—
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

338. C. M. *Steele.*

The Request.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 'Give me a calm and thankful heart,
'From every murmur free;
'The blessings of thy grace impart,
'And make me live to thee:

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
'My life and death attend;
'Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

339. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Inability, and Trust in God.

MYSELF I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
I seek for help in thee alone
Whose eyelids never sleep.

2 To thee, Almighty God,
My soul I dare commend;
For Jesus having lov'd his own,
He loves them to the end.

340. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

A Prayer for Purity of Heart.

JESUS, thy all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.

2 O that it now from heaven may fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Diffuse thy life through every part,
And purify the whole.

341. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The Image of Christ desired.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:—

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus, I long to know thy name,
And all thy mercy show.

342. C. M.

The Desired Blessing. Prov. xxx. 8.

FATHER, I bow before thy throne,
To thee address my prayer;
Though all my wants to thee are known,
I love to lisp them there.

2 Pure, meek, and patient, may I be,
To thy commands inclin'd;
From every murmur kept for thee
To all thy will resign'd.

3 Kindly removed from wealth and want,
My simple need supplied:—
This blessing, Heavenly Father, grant
And I am satisfied.

343. S. M. *Newton.*

Jesus on the Throne of Grace.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

344. C. M. *Newton.*

The Effort.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, 'Jesus died.'

4 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

5 'Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
'My promis'd grace receive;'
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

345. 7's. *Newton.*

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live the life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

346. L. M. *Altered.*

The presence of Christ makes worship sweet.

HOW sweet to leave the world a while,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
Saviour, behold us at thy feet—
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 'Chief of ten thousand,' now appear;
Bestow thy animating grace;
Give every soul thy voice to hear,
And with thy presence fill the place.

347. C. M. *Medley.*

O Lord, revive thy work. Hab. iii. 2.

GREAT God! incline thy gracious ear,
And hear thy children's cry;
In mercy for our help appear,
Nor let our comforts die.

2 In this sad, dark, and gloomy day,
O keep our faith alive;
Remove our loads of guilt away;
'And all thy work revive.'

3 Revive thy work within us all,
In holy peace and love;
And let thy Spirit on us fall,
In blessings from above.

4 Then shall we flourish like the vine,
Refresh'd, and made to thrive;
And all the glory shall be thine,
Who dost thy work revive.

348. L. M. *Altered.*

For a church in a low condition. Psalm li. 18.

FATHER of mercies! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down,
On us thy church, in deep distress,
And all our numerous woes redress.

2 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise;
When holy services gave birth
To joys, resembling heaven on earth.

3 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn;
Our joy and liveliness are fled,
And we are languid, cold, and dead.

4 Near to each other, and to thee,
Father! we ask henceforth to be;—
O, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply

349. L. M.

O Lord, revive thy work. Hab. iii. 2.

REVIVE thy work, Almighty Lord!
Extend the conquests of thy sword;
Erect thy throne in every heart,
And bid each idol hence depart.

2 Spirit divine! thy grace diffuse;
Thy influence shed like heavenly dews,
To make our drooping graces thrive;—
O gracious Lord! thy work revive.

3 Attract with cords of love divine,
These feeble, wandering sheep of thine,
On thy rich pastures make them thrive;
E'en now, thy gracious work revive.

4 Revive thy work, triumphant King!
Attune our lips thy praise to sing,
Our dying spark of love inflame,
And claim all glory to thy name.

350. L. M. W. & B.

Seeking direction in the choice of a Pastor.

FATHER of mercies, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplext, distrest, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 With longing eyes, behold, we wait,
In suppliant crowds, at mercy's gate,
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a pastor see,
Dear to ourselves and dear to thee.

351. L. M. *Hart.*

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. v. 17.

'PRAY!' says the word, 'and never cease,'
In faith, and hope, and love sincere,

Pray, till these graces all increase,
And still be found in fervent prayer.

2 Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live;
Their wants shall teach them what to say,
And prayer shall all those wants relieve.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
Though thought be broken—language lame;
Pray if you can, or cannot, speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him—you cannot fail:
Make all your wants and wishes known
Fear not—his merits must prevail;
Ask what you will, it shall be done.

352. C. M.

Prayer, and Dedication to Christ.

NOW to the throne of grace I'll go
To pour my sorrows there;
And tell the Saviour all my woe,
Who loves to answer prayer.

2 The interceding spirit give,
The power of faith impart;
Speak, Lord, and bid me rise and live,
Renew and claim my heart.

3 Saviour, I feel the conquering power,
To thee I now resign;
I yield my heart,—and from this hour,
I would be wholly thine.

353. C. M. W. & B.

A destitute Church seeking to God.

TO thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock deserted flies;
And on th' eternal Shepherd's care
Our cheerful hope relies.

2 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.

3 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed!
And with a steady, growing pace,
To Zion's mountain led.

354. C. M. *Steele.*

An Appeal to a Mediator, in view of National Judgments.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay,
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great;
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat,
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor! to thy love
This blessed hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake
Attend our humble cry!
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.

5 Though justice near thy awful throne
Awaits thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land!

355. C. M.

Children dedicated to God in Scriptural form.

EXALTED Prince, thou Prince of peace!
Behold our children here;
And with thy word, impart thy grace,
That they may learn thy fear.

2 Our offspring we would thus present,
To thy compassion, Lord;
O let thy sov'reign grace prevent
Their choosing folly's road.

3 Conduct them through a world of cares,
And keep them near to thee;
From sin's seducing baits and snares,
Teach them, O Lord, to flee.

4 Their parents bless with heavenly skill,
Their tender minds to sway,
And bow each restiff, stubborn will,
Thy precepts to obey.

5 And when our toils on earth are done,
And thou shalt bid us come,
Grant us the plaudit of 'Well done,'
And take our children home.

356. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Prayer for children.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy triumphant grace.

2 O what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Thy gracious Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd for happy hour,
That makes them free indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name;
Then follow their despised Lord,
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their Saviour God.

357. C. M. *Williams.*

Calmness and Thankfulness desired.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee.

CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY.

358. C. M.

Prepare to meet thy God.

AN awful voice of thunder roll'd,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"
Seiz'd with a solemn dread, my soul
Sunk down beneath a load.

2 What shall I do to find relief?
Ah! whither shall I flee?
Or how be melted into grief?
Dear Saviour, pity me!

3 A word roll'd through my throbbing breast,
I am the way to heaven;
I am the weary sinner's rest;
Believe, and be forgiven.

4 I thought of Jesus when he died;
The cross, the nail, the spear;
I thought upon his wounded side,
And hop'd my guilt was there.

5 A change was felt through all the soul,
And joy and sorrow flow'd;
It made the wounded spirit whole,
Reliev'd me of my load.

6 O may I never, never grieve,
My blessed Saviour more!
With stronger faith may I believe,
With all my powers adore.

359. C. M.

The Mutual Acts of Hope and Fear

AS beams of mercy round me shone,
To Christ I all resign'd;
And guilt, and fear of hell were gone,
As faith on him reclin'd.

2 The hope of everlasting rest,
My burthen'd heart reliev'd,
But soon a fear disturb'd my breast,
Lest I should be deceiv'd.

3 The different acts of hope and fear,
While they themselves contend,
Awake the fervency of prayer,
And both my soul befriend.

4 Does unbelief mine eye bedim?
Fear hastes to seek relief,

And thence my hope revives again,
And triumphs o'er its grief.

5 The hope of his approving smile,
Fear of his chastening rod,
Move and assist us all the while,
To intercourse with God.

6 This filial fear, O Lord, increase,
All hurtful fears remove;
Grant me from sin a full release,
And fill me with thy love.

360. S. M.

Coming before the Church.

JESUS, thou hast advis'd
All needy souls to come
To thee, and yield to be baptis'd,
And make thy church their home.

2 Obedient to thy call,
I come to Zion now,
To own that thou art all in all,
And do thy will below.

3 O, I remember well,
When lost to all that 's good,
And sinking to the flames of hell,
How I was sav'd by blood.

4 Dissolv'd in pious grief,
And venting broken sighs;
I look'd to thee and found relief,
And wip'd my streaming eyes.

5 Saviour, if then I felt
The pangs of pious grief,
Now make my callous bosom melt,
And grant renew'd relief.

361. C. M.

The sweetness of Repentance.

SWEET were the tears that once I shed,
Sweet their remembrance now;

'Twas when by faith I saw Him bleed,
To whom my life I owe.

2 Not all the tears that sinners shed,
Could ever give repose;
The voice of God awakes the dead,
And goodness conquers foes.

3 Yet when I feel that he is good,
I'm melted to the ground,
And find in Christ's atoning blood
"A balm for every wound."

4 O then how pleasing 'tis to weep!
O'erwhelm'd with grateful grief;
The tear of penitence is sweet,
And always brings relief.

362. S. M.

We love Him, because He first loved us.

I LOVE my Saviour God,
Because he first lov'd me;
Because he shed his precious blood,
To set my spirit free.

2 'Twas love my bosom felt,
And made me wipe my eyes,
When low before his throne I knelt,
To pour my feeble cries.

3 Touch'd by his dying love,
I melted into grief;
Swift on the wings of love he mov'd,
And brought me sweet relief.

4 With my whole heart I love
The God that lov'd and bled;
Who left the shining realms above,
And suffer'd in my stead.

5 Who can forbear to love
A God so good and kind?
Sure he is worthy to be lov'd
By me and all mankind.

363. S. M. *Stennett.*

Praise for Conversion. Psalm lxvi. 16.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen, while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

2 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

3 At length to God I cried;
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

4 My drooping head he rais'd;
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile,
The gracious pardon seal'd.

5 O, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God!
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

364. C. M. Psalm cxvi. *Watts.*

Gracious Deliverance acknowledged.

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
The life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hands have loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

BAPTISM.

365. C. M.

Christ's Baptism.

WHEN Christ, who came my soul to save,
In Jordan was baptiz'd;
Arising from the liquid grave,
A voice from heaven replies:—

2 Thou art my well-beloved Son,
Let men thy word obey;
I am well pleas'd that thou hast shown
Thy flock this humble way.

3 O heavenly Dove, who did descend,
And rest upon his brow!
With all thy quickening power attend
Upon thine ordinance now.

4 And while we in obedience move,
And thy command obey;
O breathe the power of faith and love,
And wash our sins away.

366. C. M.

Christ's Baptism inspires Faith.

SAVIOUR, wast thou baptis'd in blood,
Immers'd in woe for me!
And shall I not obey thy word,
And be baptis'd with thee?

2 Didst thou reclaim my sinful heart,
From bondage set me free?
And shall I not with all things part,
My gracious Lord, for thee?

3 Didst thou into the Jordan go,
To show my feet the path?
Didst thou rise out of Jordan too?—
I feel the inspiring faith;—

4 That thou art Christ the Son of God;
Baptis'd beneath the stream;—
Faith that immersion is the mode
By which we own thy name.

5 O let me feel a conscience too,
At peace with God above!
For ever thy blest way pursue,
Nor ever from thee rove.

367. S. M.

Baptism a voluntary act of its Subject.

OBEDIENT to the word,
He that would be baptis'd
Must be immers'd, like Christ the Lord,
Like Christ the Lord, arise.

2 Upon his name must call,
Who died to set us free,
Receiving him as all in all
A willing subject be.

3 Planted into his death,
His resurrection prove;
Possess an overcoming faith,
A faith that works by love.

4 Must worship in the act,
The act must be his own;
His conscience answering to the fact,
That duty he has done.

5 But where the *rite* is forc'd,
Or is at best unknown,
There can no worship be address'd,
No peace of conscience known.

368. C. M.

Faith and Baptism.

'GO, preach the gospel,' saith the Lord,
'To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is baptis'd,
'Salvation shall obtain.'

2 That thou art Christ the Son of God,
I firmly do believe;
And in obedience to thy word,
Would now this *Rite* receive.

3 Smile, sacred Spirit, from on high,
And bless us in the flood;
The promise to our souls apply,
And seal us heirs of God.

369. C. M.

Putting on Christ in Baptism.

COME, Holy Ghost, thy influence shed
On each and every heart,
Quick'ning to life the guilty dead—
Joy to the saints impart.

2 With holy zeal my breast inspire,
With love my heart inflame;
Father, bestow the pure desire,
To own thy sacred name.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word
To put the Saviour on,—
Be buried in the yielding flood,
His awful name to own.

4 To thee I all my powers resign,
Thou holy One in Three;
And by this *Rite*, this mystic sign,
Devote myself to thee.

370. C. M.

Baptis'd into the Name of the Trinity.

IN thy great name, Supreme of all,
We come to be baptis'd;
And whilst to nothing here we fall,
O speak, and bid us rise!

2 Thy name makes all creation fear,
The earth, and sea, and skies;
And shall not we that name revere,
And in it be baptis'd?

3 Into thy name, thou God of hosts,
Thou sacred One in Three,
Great Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We would baptised be.

4 Renouncing all our former ways,
Henceforth would live to thee;
And O may all our future days
To thee devoted be.

371. S. M.

Arise, and be baptised, and wash away thy sin.

AS water purifies,
And makes the filthy clean;
So faith the blood of Christ applies,
To cleanse the soul from sin.

2 "Call'd from above, I rise
"To wash away my sin;"
With Christ my Lord to be baptis'd,
And prove my love of Him.

3 Henceforth, vain world, adieu,
You have no charms for me;
Once I was bound in love of you,
But Christ has set me free.

4 Aspiring to God, I rise
Above your flattering charms;
To heaven I lift my longing eyes,
To Christ extend my arms.

5 Dead be my heart to all,
To all below the skies;
My Saviour, I obey thy call,
And rise to be baptis'd.

372. C. M.

Grateful obedience in Baptism.

ALMIGHTY Saviour! didst thou bleed,
And groan, and die for me?
And poor become, that rich indeed
I might for ever be?

2 Didst thou the cross for me sustain,
And bear my sinful load,
In agonizing sweat and pain,
That I might dwell with God?

3 What can I do thy name to praise,
Who died to set me free?
At thy command will be baptis'd,
Through grace, will follow thee.

4 O let thy Spirit be my guide
Through all my future way;
To keep me near thy wounded side,
Nor let me ever stray.

373. S. M.

Following Jesus.

JESUS, thou dying Lamb,
Take all my sins away;
Thine is the sacrifice I bring,
And thee I would obey.

2 Within thy book I trace
The way that thou didst go;
And by thy all-assisting grace,
I will that way pursue.

3 Baptis'd in Jordan's stream,
Was Christ my blessed Lord!
O let me ever follow him,
Obedient to his word.

374. C. M.

Motives of Sinners and Saints Different.

WHAT shall I do, the sinner cries,
That I may get to heaven?
Believe in Christ, the word replies,
And thou shalt be forgiven.

2 The grateful Saint looks upwards too,
And hopes with Christ to be,—
Saviour, he cries, what shall I do,
To prove my love of thee?

3 Come, follow me, the Lord replies,
Into the watery grave;
He that believes, and is baptis'd,
I pledge my word to save.

4 Follow in all that I require;
Obedience is the road,
By which to heaven you should aspire,
By which commune with God.

375. C. M.

Why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptised. Acts xxii. 16.

BELIEVING soul, 'why tarriest thou?
'Arise, and be baptised;'
Yield to the word—to Jesus bow;
Let pride be sacrific'd.

2 Bury'd in baptism with our God,
We bid the world adieu;
Rising like him from Jordan's flood,
Begin our lives anew.

3 Ye gilded vanities depart,
With all your flattering charms;
I clasp my Saviour to my heart,
He folds me in his arms.

4 O may thy arms, Almighty Lord,
Support me through the way,
And while I thus thy grace record,
Let sin be wash'd away.

376. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Follow thou me. John xxi. 22. Matt. iii. 13—17. Acts xxii. 16.

'WHY tarriest thou? arise!
'And be baptis'd straightway;'
This institution prize;
O come without delay;
If Jesus has thy sins forgiven,
This is the way that leads to heaven.

2 This is the way he trod,
He bow'd beneath the stream;
His Father and our God
Did not account it mean;
But loud proclaim'd, "This is my Son,
'And I'm well pleas'd with what he 's done.'

3 Down from the shining skies,
Descends the peaceful Dove,
To Jesus' head he flies,
His conduct to approve;
Thus Father, Son and Spirit too,
Unite to teach us what to do.

4 How can we then delay,
Since He our glorious head,
To show our feet the way,
Beneath the stream is laid?
Believing soul, he speaks to thee,
And kindly says, come, follow me.

377. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

The love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. v. 14.

DEAR Lord, and has thy pardoning love
Embrac'd a wretch so vile?
Then kindly bid each cloud remove,
And bless me with thy smile.

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptis'd?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

378. L. M. *Francis.*

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save:

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

6 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

THE CHURCH.

379. L. M. *Watts.*

God the glory and defence of Zion.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixt on his counsels and his love.

3 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

380. S. M. *Watts.*

The Church is the honour and safety of a Nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair,
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

381. C. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

The Church described. Cant. vi. 10.

SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet-blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon when in the skies,
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud, he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe?

5 This is the church by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

382. L. M. *Watts.*

The Church the Garden of Christ. Cant. iv. 12—15

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake! O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God!
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

383. C. M. *Watts.*

The Constitution of a Church.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown
And shame confound his foes.

384. L. M. *J. B. Cook.*

The stability of the Church.

BOUGHT with the Saviour's precious blood
Thy church, O God, has firmly stood;
Built on the rock secure she stands,
Like some tall cliff in distant lands.

2 When hosts of foes against her came.
Regardless of thy powerful name,
Thine arm, O Lord, salvation wrought
For them who thy protection sought.

3 Strike to the Lord each joyful string,
Awake each tuneful power and sing;
Ye saints, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Loud let the pleasing anthem swell.

385. S. M. *Dobell's Selection.*

Coming up from the wilderness. Cant. viii. 5.

FROM sin's dark, thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
A trav'lling fair one in distress,
On her Beloved leans.

2 Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong—
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And leaning moves along.

3 When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies,
She leans upon his righteousness,
Whence all her hopes arise.

4 When guilt, a mighty flood,
Her trembling conscience pains,
Then on his peace-procuring blood
This travelling fair one leans.

5 She views his promise sure;
Her hopes all centre there;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.

6 O'er Jordan's chilling flood,
When call'd by death to go,
She, leaning on her faithful God,
Shall pass triumphant through.

COVENANTING.

386. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The Church Covenanting.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord.

In a perpetual Covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:—

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
O may we ne'er our God forsake,
Nor cast his words behind.

4 Through grace we will thy name revere,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and bless us now!

5 To each the Covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

RECEIVING TO MEMBERSHIP.

387. 7's. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer for Union, Simplicity, and Protection

GOD of love, O hear our prayer!
Kindly for thy people care:
We on thee alone depend—
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove
Stay us on eternal love.

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Till they nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us lowly and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd of thee alone.

388. 7's. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer for Union and Holiness.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite—endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word;
Make us like our blessed Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To the world the pattern give,—
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger—free from pride,—
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

389. C. M.

Invitation to the Church.

LET all who love the Saviour's name,
Come forth and make it known,
Be buried in the yielding stream,
That sacred name to own.

2 Enter his courts with holy joy,
His pleasing rule obey,
And every power for him employ,
Through all life's future way.

3 Why will you longer stay behind?
Behold there still is room!
Let all who are by grace inclin'd,
Though trembling, rise and come.

390. C. M.

Receiving a baptised Brother.

BROTHER in Christ, beloved thou
Because thou lovest Him;
Enter and welcome—enter now,
And fight with hell and sin.

2 Accept the testimonial hand,
Of love and union dear;
Within the gate of Zion stand,
And prove thyself sincere.

3 Be it thy future, constant aim,
Thy never-failing end;
To glorify his sacred name,
And show thyself his friend.

391. C. M.

Prayer at uniting with the Church

OUT of the world, O Lord, I come,
Thy precepts to obey;
To make thy church my future home,
While here on earth I stay.

2 All weakness, and unholy too,
Saviour, I dare not say,

I'll never cease thy will to do,
"But grant I never may."

3 Grant me thy perfect love to know,
That love in me reveal;
That I may honour thee below,
And with thee ever dwell

392. C. M. *Altered.*

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord. Gen. xxiv. 3.

COME in, ye blessed of our God,
And join his children here;
Wash'd in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
For him, your Lord, appear.

2 Stay not within the wilderness,
Nor waiting at the door;
Sweet Jesus will your woes redress,
Were they ten thousand more.

3 Though fearing, trembling, rise and come!
Yield to the Saviour's voice;
For hung'ring, thirsting souls, there 's room;
O make the blissful choice!

4 Room in the Saviour's gracious breast—
That breast which glows with love;
Room in the church, his chosen rest,
And room in heaven above.

5 Why will you longer lingering stay,
When Jesus says, 'there 's room?'
'Now is the time, th' accepted day—
'Arise! he bids you come!'

393. L. M. *Altered.*

An Invitation to Young Converts.

COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love.

2 Why should you longer stay without?
Why should you longer fear or doubt?
Why will you longer lingering wait?
O enter now fair Zion's gate!

3 Let every soul that 's born again,
No longer wait, but now come in;
Yield to the Lord, and thence receive
Whate'er a pardoning God can give.

394. C. M.

Dedication to God.

WASH'D in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Buried beneath the wave;
I now approach thy throne, my God,
And sing thy power to save.

2 I yield to thy divine control;
To thee I all resign;
O take my flesh, my heart, my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

3 Thine may I live, thine may I die,
And thine for ever be;
Fain would I soar to worlds on high,
And lose myself in thee.

395. L. M. *Maclay's Selection.*

Admission of New Members. Gen. xxiv. 31.

WELCOME, ye well-beloved of God,
Ye heirs of grace, redeem'd with blood;
Welcome, with us your hands to join,
As partners of our lot divine.

2 Embrace the cross, and bear it on;
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shall we sit with Jesus down,
And wear a never fading crown.

396. L. M. *Maclay's Selection.*

Receiving an Individual. Gen. xxiv. 31

'COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,'
Enter in Christ the Saviour's name;

We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust our Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Mark'd in the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of our Christian love.

397. 8. 7. *Altered.*

A hearty Welcome to Baptised Believers.

WELCOME here, our friend and brother,
Welcome all our joys to share;
Kind and faithful to each other,
May we feel a brother's care!

2 Here expos'd to sore temptation,
Let us bear each other's load;
Till we gain complete salvation,
In the presence of our God.

3 Christians, thus together walking,
Mutual light and strength impart;
While of Christ the Saviour talking,
Love inflames their every heart.

4 Welcome all who feel in union,
Who believe and are baptis'd;
Welcome here to full communion,
Welcome, soon, to endless joys.

398. C. M. *Parkinson's Selection.*

The Church rejoicing at receiving Members

O WITH what pleasure we behold,
Sinners to Canaan move!
Leaving the fleeting things below,
For greater things above.

2 These, having openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name,
With sacred pleasure we embrace,
As followers of the Lamb.

3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heavenly love;
Still may they fight, and never flee,
Till crown'd with thee above.

399. L. M. *Parkinson's Selection.*

Young Members wishing to live to God.

RENEW'D by grace, we love the word,
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord;
Then to the church ourselves we give,
In holy fellowship to live.

2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
And sweetly on thy breast recline;
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And never cease to watch and pray.

3 May we continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray—delight to praise;
Among thy saints abide in love,
Till call'd to shine in realms above.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

400. L. M. *Watts.*

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 'This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;'
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'

4 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord!

401. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Do this in Remembrance of Me.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember thee.

5 And when these feeble lips grow dumb,
And mind, and memory flee,
And thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

402. C. M. *Pres. Standard.*

The Holy Spirit Invoked at the Table.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy sacred flesh and blood,
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal,
That we are born of God

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesu's love,
Prepare us for the feast;
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

403. C. M. *Hart.*

A remembrance of Christ at his table.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
'The Saviour died for me.'

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine;
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and put in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing—Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.

404. L. M. *Watts*

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

405. C. M. *Watts.*

The Feast of Divine Love. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
'Lord, why was I a guest?'

4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

406. C. M.

Prayer at the Lord's Table.

RESPLENDENT Sun! thy rays impart;
Shed forth thy light and heat;
Diffuse thy warmth through every heart;—
Make our communion sweet.

2 Celestial breeze, awake, and come;
Descend, enlivening showers,
Breathe on our souls a rich perfume,
And cheer these withering flowers.

3 Sweet odours then shall spread abroad,
And fill the sacred place;
And we 'll address our Saviour God,
In songs of thankful praise.

407. C. M. *Watts.*

Divine Glories, and our graces.

HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine.

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace,
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die:
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

408. C. M. *Hart.*

The Lord's Supper received in faith, hope, and love.

THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy sufferings, and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
And would receive in faith.

2 The symbols sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
And would receive in hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
And would receive in love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine,
The utmost we can do, O Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

ORDINATIONS.

409. L. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Matt. x.

GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace,
Wrought on you to seek his face—
Made you choose the better part—
Brought salvation to your heart.

414. C. M.

The deacons addressed, and charged.

DEACONS, awake! the work fulfil,
The work to you assign'd;
Discharge your sacred duties well,
With pure and upright mind.

2 The table of your gracious Lord—
The Lord for us who died;
The church's poor, and pastor's board,
By you must be supply'd.

3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amidst your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.

4 Still let the mystery of your faith,
In bright effulgence glow;
Hear what the Lord, your Saviour saith—
'Fulfil your work below.'

5 Then shall you up to glory rise,
And fill that heavenly place,—
That place of pure celestial joys
Assign'd you by his grace!

415. L. M. *Daniel's Selection.*

At the setting apart of a deacon to his office.

HEAD of the Church! thy care we bless;
Thy bounties are both rich and large:
While teachers on their teaching wait,
Our temp'rals are the deacon's charge.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice;
Of him whose generous prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3 By purest love to Christ and truth,
May he obtain a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

4 And when the work to him assign'd—
The work of love is fully done;
Call him from serving tables here,
To heaven, his endless, blissful home.

416. C. M. *J. B. Cook.*

At a deacon's being set apart to office

UP to thy throne, O God of love,
Would we now lift our eyes;
Grant us thy presence from above,
And hear our feeble cries.

2 Upon thy servant, call'd to fill
The deacon's sacred trust,
O, may the spirit's grace distil,
And make him wise and just.

3 Help him thy table, Lord, to spread,
In memory of that night,
When powers of darkness at thy head
Aim'd their malignant spite.

4 By faith and prayer, may he uphold
His faithful pastor's hands,
And to his temp'ral wants afford
Such aid as God commands.

5 Thy poor, the objects of thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
Towards them make his bowels move,
And grant supplies of bread.

6 Thus may he use his office well,
And to himself procure
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure

CHRISTIAN EXERCISES.

417. C. M. *Watts.*

Aspiring to Heavenly Joys.

THERE's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desires;
To boundless joys and solid mirth,
My nobler thought aspires.

2 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd;
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

3 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour cloth'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

418. C. M. *Watts.*

Paradise on Earth.

WHEN Christ, with all his graces crown
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

2 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

3 But, ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

4 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here.

5 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,—
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

419. C. M. W. & B.

Longing for Heaven. Job iii. 17. vii. 16.

TO that dear world of light and bliss,
Above the starry skies,
Tir'd of the sins and griefs of this,
I lift my longing eyes.

2 There Jesus, the unsetting Sun,
Darts forth his brightest rays,
And every heart and every tongue
Unite to love and praise.

3 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within,
The mind with guilt no more opprest,
The conscience all serene.

4 Discord and strife, those regions fly,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No longer heaves the pensive sigh,
Or drops the briny tear.

5 And can I longer wish to stay,
So far from that abode?
Kind angels, bear my soul away,
That I may dwell with God.

420. C. M. *Watts.*

Doubts scattered; or, Joy restored.

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, begone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O what immortal joys I felt;
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain,
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

421. C. M. *Beddome.*

Resignation; or, God our Portion.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its stores?
'Tis but a bitter sweet,
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A piercing thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

422. C. M. *Steele.*

Humble Reliance and Submission.

MY God, my Father, thou art wise;
O bend my will to thine!
Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign.

2 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

3 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

4 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

423. C. M. *Cowper.*

Submission.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way
Shall I resist them both?

A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

424. C. M. *Watts.*

Formality in Worship, detestable.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

425. L. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

In your patience possess ye your souls.

PATIENCE!—O, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumult'ous voyage is o'er—
We reach the shores of endless rest.

5 Faith unto vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright world of bliss on high.

426. C. M.

Tribulation worketh Patience. Rom. v. 3.

PATIENCE divine!—how rich the grace
To pilgrims here below!
Till we shall meet our Saviour's face,
May we in patience grow.

2 She bears the chast'ning hand of God,
Nor at his will repines;
Nor ever drops a murm'ring word,
But owns her countless sins.

3 While threat'ning tempests beat and howl,
She hopes and waits serene;
Till God shall all their rage control,
And calm the boist'rous scene.

4 Just like the palm, beneath her load,
She lifts her head above,
Reclining on her faithful God,
Rejoicing in his love.

5 Water'd by many a painful tear
For sins and follies past,
Patience resigns to Jesus here,
And mounts to heaven at last

427. C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Impotence confessed. James i. 17, 18.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone
And power and wisdom too,
Without the spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought
Or righteous work is thine.

4 'Tis not of him that wills, or runs,
That labours, or desires;
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires:

5 The meritorious cause I see,
That precious blood divine,
And I, since Jesus died for me,
Shall live for ever thine.

428. C. M. *Watts.*

God's care of Zion. Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we, then, indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is He a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant she has borne?
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
'And mothers monsters prove,
'Zion still dwells upon the heart
'Of everlasting Love.

6 'Deep on the palms of both my hands
'I have engrav'd her name,
'My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
'And build her broken frame.

429. L. M. *Watts.*

Parting with carnal joys.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your waves were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

430. C. M. *Newton.*

Old things are passed away. 2 Cor. v. 17.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford,
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly objects fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixt my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, though of sinners I 'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not chose me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

431. C. M. *Watts.*

Prayer heard, and Zion restored. Psalm cii 13—21.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God has heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes,
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

4 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

432. C. M. *Watts.*

God's presence is light in darkness

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up, with joy, the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

433. S. M. *Doddridge.*

Rejoicing in the ways of God.

NOW let our voices join,
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 Sweet flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Son of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honour to his name
Who marks the shining way!
To Him, who leads the wand'rers on,
To realms of endless day.

434. 7's. *Cennick.*

Rejoicing in hope. Isa. xxxv. 10.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

435. L. M. *Hart.*

The stony heart lamented.

OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake.
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;—
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 But something, Lord, can do the deed,
And that dear something, much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move, and melt, this heart of mine.

436. C. M. *Cowper.*

The contrite heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that 's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, 'my strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice, or ache:
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be!

437. C. M. *Watts.*

Love to the creatures dangerous.

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away,
From all created good.

438. 7's. *Newton.*

The believer anxious about his state.

THIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain;
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixt with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet;
If I did not love the Lord?

7 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be, indeed, begun.

8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

439. L. M.

Be not conformed to this world. Rom. xii. 2.

WHEN first the Lord his grace reveal'd,
And blest me with a pardon seal'd;
My soul was fill'd with love and joy,
And prayer and praise my sweet employ.

2 With what delight I walk'd the road
To Zion, still my blest abode,
To mingle songs with kindred souls,
For here salvation's current rolls!

3 But now, alas! those scenes have fled,
And left me joyless, dull, and dead;
Now prayer and praise a task I find,
And darkness shrouds my guilty mind.

4 Can this vain world e'er fill the place
Once occupied by cheering grace?
Its glittering toys, its specious charms,
Thrust my Redeemer from my arms?

5 Deluding world! no more intrude;
Awake, awake, sweet gratitude,
Explore the blissful scenes once felt,
Perhaps this frozen heart may melt.

6 Arise, my faith, on wings sublime,
And bear this stupid soul of mine
To Calvary, where my dying God,
Shall drown the world and sin in blood.

440. C. M.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.

ON willows, near to Babel's flood,
Our tuneless harps we hung,
While foes to us, and foes to God,
Said, 'sing us Zion's song.'

2 When love, and zeal, and joy decline,
And darkness reigns within;
When doubts and fears assail the mind,
Is it a time to sing?

3 We call to mind those happier days,
When praise was our employ;
But now we weep, in silent lays—
Yet tears, too, have their joy.

4 Rememb'ring, Lord, how once we felt,
When first from guilt set free,
We ask thy love, our hearts to melt,
And draw us back to thee.

5 Let sorrows yield to thine embrace;
Let guilt and darkness fly;
Then tuneful harps shall sound thy praise,
In strains of rapt'rous joy.

441. L. M.

The same. Psalm cxxxvii. 1—4.

WHERE Babel's streams ran murmuring by,
We hung our useless harps on high;
Our flowing tears increas'd the flood,
For we had wander'd from our God.

5 While thus our harps in silence hung,
We heard from many an impious tongue,
Wake to the lays, ye Jews, and sing,
The praise of Zion's sovereign King.

3 When impious men grow strangely bold,
When love declines, and zeal grows cold,
And harps are stript of every string,
Is it a time for saints to sing?

4 When darkness shrouds my trembling mind,
And all my joys seem left behind,
And doubts and fears around me cling,
Is it a time for me to sing?

2 O Lord, arise! assert thy right,
And put our threatening foes to flight;
Tear from our hearts each idol fair,
And reign without a rival there.

6 Awake, our harps, in tuneful lays,
Sound to the dear Redeemer's praise;
He comes our miseries to redress,
From heaven he comes, his saints to bless.

442. C. M. *Steele.*

Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
As foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From holiness and thee.

443. L. M. *Beddome.*

Inconstancy acknowledged.

THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent the unstable mind;
The morning cloud, and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle, and so false, as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And, then, these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, rejoice, and mourn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
Now on the mount, now in the vale.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly, and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fixt by thy grace, and fixt for thee?

444. L. M. *Steele.*

Complaining at the throne of grace.

O'ERWHELM'D with restless griefs and fears,
Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
With aching heart, and flowing tears,
To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

2 Thy promises are large and free,
To humble souls who seek thy face;
O where, for refuge, can I flee,
My God! but to the throne of grace?

3 Thou seest the tempest of my soul,
These restless waves of fear and sin;
Thy voice can all the rage control,
And make a sacred calm within.

4 My thoughts recall thy favours past,
In many a dark distressing hour,
The kind support my heart confess'd,
And own'd thy wisdom, love, and power.

5 And still these bright perfections shine,
Eternal their unclouded rays;
Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
And just, and right, are all thy ways.

6 Let thy enliv'ning, healing voice,
The kind assurance of thy love,
Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
And all my sins and fears remove.

445. L. M. *Cruttenden.*

Sin and Holiness. Rom. vii. 23. Gal. v. 17

WHAT jarring natures dwell within!
Abounding grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight,
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5 Great God! assist me through the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

446. C. M.

Longing for Communion with Christ.

WHEN Jesus smil'd, and said, arise!
Thy sins are all forgiven;
My bosom bloom'd a Paradise,
An antepast of heaven.

2 And though I wept o'er follies past,
My grateful bosom glow'd;
Believing I should meet at last,
The Saviour whom I lov'd.

3 O lovely days of joy and grief,
Ah! whither are ye fled?
Sweet Jesus, come to my relief,
Lift up my drooping head!

4 Come, and restore my bleeding heart,
To love and joy again;
With sin and earth I freely part,
Communion to regain.

5 Communion with my Saviour God—
To know my sins forgiven,
Is more than paradise restor'd;
'Tis all the bliss of Heaven.

447. C. M.

Declension in pious feeling, lamented.

WHERE are the grateful tears I shed
Of joy and pious grief;
The hope that beam'd upon my head,
The faith that gave relief?

2 Where is the zeal with which I mov'd
Obedient to thy law?
Wretch that I am, to grieve my Love,
And cause him to withdraw!

3 Saviour, I own my sin with shame,
Do thou my sin forgive!
Speak, and my heart with love shall flame,
My dying hope shall live.

4 Speak thy forgiveness to my soul,
And faith and zeal shall burn;
Thy word shall make the wounded whole,—
The wanderer to return.

448. L. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Prayer for holy Zeal.

FOR zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint;
I groan, I strive, I watch and pray,
But ah! how soon it dies away.

2 O Thou, who all things canst control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul,
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

THE CONFLICT.

449. C. M.

Matt. x. 16, 17.

BEHOLD, I send you forth, as sheep
Amidst a world of wolves!
Near to your watchful Shepherd keep,
Commit to him your souls.

2 Beware of men—of what they state;
The wisdom from above
Will watch alike against their hate,
And their insidious love.

3 Be sure you be as serpents wise,
And harmless as the dove;
And let your whole affections rise,
And fix on God above.

4 Yes, Lord, I would beware of men;
Beware of Satan too;
And more than all, the foe within,
My constant bosom-foe.

5 Assist me, Lord, to watch and pray,
And fight my passage through;
To grow in grace from day to day,
And onward, heavenward go.

450. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

The same subject.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above,
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.

3 My Spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my bosom show;—

5 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

451. C. M.

The Soldiers of Christ exhorted.

AWAKE! my soul, and use thy arms,
The powers of hell are near,
Awake! to watchfulness and prayer
And thou hast nought to fear.

2 Awake! with gospel armour on,
In panoply complete;—
Let hope, through grace, thy head adorn,
And gospel peace thy feet.

3 Awake! and gird thyself with truth,
Almighty strength put on,—
Be sure to take the shield of faith,
And trust in Christ alone.

4 Pray!—always pray, and never faint,
Watch in the Spirit too,—
With perseverance pray for saints,
And force thy passage through.

452. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Soldiers of Christ exhorted.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength that God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And of his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And be complete at last.

5 To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always—pray, and never faint,
And, without ceasing, pray!

453. S. M. *Heath.*

The Soul called upon to Watch and Pray.

MY soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
And many a sin is pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Arise! and watch and pray,
The conflict ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
The arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.

454. S. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Soldiers of Christ encouraged.

HARK! how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms—the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war!

3 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up.
All stain'd with hallowed blood.

4 Go up with Christ your Head!
Your Captain's footsteps see!
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

455. PART II.

OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath.
And ever reign with me.

456. C. M. *Watts.*

Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

457. C. M. *Baltimore Collection.*

Breathing after Zeal and Courage.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
And thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer pain or loss;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, 'Why dost thou fear
'The face of feeble man?
'Behold thy heavenly Captain here,
'Before thee, in the van.'

5 O, how my soul would up and run,
At that transporting word!
Nor any painful suffering shun,
To follow thee, my Lord!

6 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;—
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I 'll no more repine.

458. C. M. *Watts.*

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

459. L. M. *Watts.*

Submission and Deliverance. Gen. xxii. 6—13.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

460. C. M.

My heart is fixed. Psalm cviii. 1.

'MY heart is fixt'—did David say?
May I not say so too?
Jesus, thy precious blood 's my stay;
I nothing good can do.

2 'My heart is fixt'—it trusts in God,
My portion and my choice;
Firmly it rests upon his word,
And doth in him rejoice.

3 'My heart is fixt'—his power controls,
His wisdom guides me still;
He calms the tempest, or it rolls
Obedient to his will.

4 'My heart is fixt'—has satan then,
The power to break my hold?
My Lord beholds, just how, and when,
This wolf comes near his fold.

5 'My heart is fixt'—ye earthly toys,
It is not fixt on you;
Fly, then, ye treacherous, fleeting joys!
My Jesus I 'll pursue.

6 Though fickle in my inward frame,—
My outward conduct ill;
Sweet Jesus! in thy glorious name
My heart is fixed still

461 S. M. *Newton.*

The Pilgrim's Song.

FROM Egypt lately freed,
By the Redeemer's grace;
A dark and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

2 The promis'd land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view;
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing through!

3 Here, often, from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There, we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.

4 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more

5 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepar'd, for suffering saints,
Will make amends for all.

462. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Thou shalt remember all this way. Deut. viii. 2.

THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known:
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy;
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so,—thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

463. PART II. L. M. *Watts.*

Few saved; or almost Christian.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And seals his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

464. C. M. *Watts.*

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord! shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit, and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We 'll fly, and take the prize.

465. 7's. *Cowper.*

Welcome cross.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must, and will befall,
But for humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

4 Did I meet no trials here;
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away?

5 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

466. C. M.

The daily cross. Luke ix. 23.

ALL, who through Christ the living way,
Would e'er to heaven attain;
Must bear the cross from day to day,
Else all their hopes are vain.

2 'A censuring world, a tempting fiend,
'A heart as bad or worse,
'Have urg'd me oft to seek a friend,
'To help me bear the cross.

3 'Beneath the cross this friend I found,
'In garments roll'd in blood;
'With cords of love, on me he bound,
'The painful, pleasing load.

4 'These silken cords of love divine,
'So bind my soul to God,
'And round my Saviour cling and twine,
'That he sustains the load.'

467. C. M. *Newton.*

Will ye also go away? John vi. 67.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas! what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt thou forsake me too?'

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet, thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—No!

468. C. M. *Watts.*

Desertion and Hope. Psalm xlii. 1—5.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
'And where 's your God at last?'

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on former days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

469. C. M. *Watts.*

The Saint's pilgrimage.

DEAR Lord, the path to thine abode
Lies through a horrid land;
Yet, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command,

2 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith, and flaming zeal, subdue
The terrors that we meet.

3 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps, and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.

4 See the kind angels at the gates!
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.

470. S. M. *Hart.*

Pride.

OF all our sins is pride
The most to be abhorr'd;
Do what we will, it haunts us still.
And keeps us from the Lord.

2 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.

3 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd;
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse;
Unseen, or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud, or force.

4 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech;
Be silent—still 'tis there.

5 This moment while I sing,
I feel its power within;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

6 Exalted Son of God!
Destroy this haughty foe!
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay, and keep us low.

471. C. M. *Hart.*

Tribulation.

THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure;
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt;
Nor is the strongest free.

3 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

4 Glad frames, too often, lift us up,
And then how proud we grow!
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And, down we sink as low.

5 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

6 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true;—
We shall be conquerors all, ere long,
And more than conquerors too.

472. L. M. *Medley.*

Blessed are they which are persecuted, &c.

BLEST are the souls whose suff'rings show
Their faith, and love, and zeal are true;
Who for their Saviour yield their breath,
And triumph over hell by faith.

2 For Him they pain and death despise,
Secure of life beyond the skies;
There, as their great and sure reward,
A heavenly kingdom stands prepar'd.

3 Prophets and saints, who 're gone before,
The same dark scenes have travers'd o'er;
Through racks, and fires, and seas of blood,
They forc'd their way to meet their God.

4 Then let the suffering saints be glad,
Thus they 're conform'd to Christ, their Head;
And all who suffer for his sake,
Of heavenly joys shall soon partake.

473. L. M. *Watts.*

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

474. L. M. *Beddome.*

Desiring communion with God.

MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires!
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above:
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin and full of thee.

475. C. M. *Beddome.*

Holy zeal, and diligence.

WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue;
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God, my love inflame;
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive!

476. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Running the Christian race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

477. L. M. *Watts.*

The Christian warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait

478. L. M. *Cowper.*

The tempted Christian's trust.

DANGERS of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

2 Great God! the pilot's part perform,
And guide, and guard us through the storm,
Defend us from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say—'Peace! be still.'

479. C. M. *Watts.*

The hope of Heaven, our support under trials.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

480. C. M. *Ryland.*

Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv. 56

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I 'll pursue:
'Hinder me not,' ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 In vain the world and satan try,
My journey to delay;
'Hinder me not,' to both I cry,
'For God hath crown'd my way.'

3 Since Christ, my dear exalted Lord,
My soul to him hath wed,
'Hinder me not,' nor friends nor foes,
I 'll follow him my Head.

4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where he goes;
'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

5 Through duty, and through trials too,
I 'll go at his command;
'Hinder me not,' for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be;
'Hinder me not,' come welcome death,
I 'll gladly go with thee.

481. C. M. *Watts.*

Sight through a glass, and face to face.

I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight;
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

482. C. M. *Newton.*

There the weary are at rest. Job iii. 17

LOOK up, my soul, behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all, whom here, he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world, a wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing my mind.

4 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqueror be at length,
O'er all that can oppose.

5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

483. L. M. *Watts.*

Enjoyment of Christ in worship

WHEN I can say, 'My God is mine,'
When I can feel his glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

2 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

484. C. M. W. & B.

I am the way. John xix. 6.

O ZION! when shall I survey
Thy blissful courts above,
Where saints enjoy eternal day,
And rest in holy love?

2 What rapturous zeal employs the tongues
Of disembodied saints!
Hark! how they sing in circling throngs,
Nor is there one that faints.

3 O glorious, consecrated way,
That leads to endless bliss!
When shall I end this mortal day,
And be where Jesus is?

485. C. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Rejoicing amid conflicts.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

2 Shall join the disembodied saints
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hopes of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my three-score years
Till my deliverer come,
To wipe away his servant's tears
And take his exile home.

5 Then what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count'st me meet
With that enraptur'd host to appear
And worship at thy feet?

6 Give joy or grief—give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE.

486. C. M. *Anon.*

The Wedding Hymn. John ii. 1, 2.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
We ask, O Lord, thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

487. L. M.

The union of man and wife.

HOW closely join'd are man and wife,
In union lasting as the life!
United hearts, united hands—
Their int'rest one—how strong the bands!

2 Marriage the Lord's appointment is,
To soothe our woes, enhance our bliss—
To render each the other blest,
Let Christian love pervade the breast

3 'Tis kindred souls that form the tie;
That live in peace until they die;
'Tis love controls the life, the tongue,
Approves the right—o'erlooks the wrong.

4 Let every man esteem his wife
His better half, his dearer life;
And every wife a rev'rence feel
For all her husband's lawful will.

5 Thus shall they live in peace and love,
Thus shall they mutual helpers prove;
Thus shall the Lord their union bless,
And crown their efforts with success.

488. L. M. *Steele.*

The shortness of time, and frailty of man.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man,
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show,
Vain are the cares that rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine,
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

489. C. M. *Watts.*

The vanity of man as mortal. Psalm xxxix. 4—7.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interests up,
And make my God my all.

490. 7's. *Ryland.*

My times are in thy hand. Psalm xxxi. 15.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

3 O thou gracious, wise, and just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

4 Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
I can ne'er bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

491. C. M *Addison.*

The Traveller's Psalm.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

STAGES OF LIFE.

492. C. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The shortness of Life.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written—dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

2 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise, at length,
And mingle with the blest.

493. C. M. *Anon.*

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

IN the sweet season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

2 Remember thy Creator, God!
For Him thy powers employ;
Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of bless'd eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

494. C. M. *Cowper.*

Youth expostulated with.

GRACE is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

2 Ye careless ones, now hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many a crime,
But mercy reigns above.

3 For you the public prayer is made.—
O, join the public prayer.
For you the trickling tear is shed,—
O, shed, yourselves, a tear!

4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

495. C. M. *Watts.*

The aged Christian's prayer and song.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath,
Teach the wide world thy love.

496. C. M. *Altered.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. xxvii. 1.

MY soul, how solemn is the word,
Which now thine ear accosts!
May I attend it, gracious Lord,
'Nor of to-morrow boast.'

2 Time! O how swift its moments flow!
What millions have I lost!
Then, let me seize the golden *now*,
'Nor of to-morrow boast.'

3 Before the present day is past,
My soul may meet its doom;
Now let me for salvation haste,
To-morrow ne'er may come.

4 To-day may I the Saviour know,
And in his name believe,
Nor let these precious moments go,—
To-morrow may deceive.

5 Thy sparing mercies still abound,
And I am out of hell;—
To-day I am on mercy's ground,
To-morrow—who can tell?

497. L. M. *Altered.*

Whither goest thou?

MY gracious, my almighty Lord,
Let me attend thy sacred word,
Nor dare delay, but answer now,
This question, 'Whither goest thou?'

2 Is it to death, and to thy bar,
To unseen worlds where spirits are,
To boundless joy, or endless pain,
Fixt there for ever to remain?

3 Yes, I must shortly bid farewell
To this vain world in which I dwell;
To death and to the tomb must bow—
My soul, then, 'Whither goest thou?'

4 O that the aged, and the young,
And all the worldly, busy throng,
Would each one put this question *now*,
My soul, ah! 'Whither goest thou?'

498. L. M. *Watts.*

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6. 10

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

499. C. M. *Addison.*

Providential mercies reviewed. Psalm ciii 1—5

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I 'll raise;
But O! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

DEATH.

500. C. M. *Watts.*

Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears, attend the cry!
Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more!

3 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
That we may drop this dying flesh,
And mount above the sky.

501. S. M. *Epis. Coll.*

God my Refuge in Death.

O MAY I find in death
A hiding place with God,
Secure from woe and sin, and call'd
To share his blest abode!

2 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

502. C. M. *Steele.*

Death of a Youth

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, impress
With awful power,—'I too must die,'
Sink deep in every breast!

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray

5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus, fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

503. C. M.

Death or removal of a Pastor.

FATHER, we bow before thy throne,
With hearts opprest with grief;
Our pastor 's gone—we 're left alone,
Where shall we find relief?

2 Thy word he faithfully proclaim'd,
His doctrine from it drew;
Regardless whether prais'd or blamed,
So he thy will might do.

3 Nor did he merely preach alone,
Obedience mark'd his way?
His holy life, as well as tongue,
Inclin'd to endless day.

4 We feel the loss of such a guide,
And now before thy throne,
We pray his loss may be supplied.
Supplied by thee alone.

5 Give us a pastor in his room,
To wipe our falling tears;
And guide, and guard us safely on,
From all our rising fears.

504. L. M. *Daniel's Selection.*

The death of a Minister

HIS death we mourn, who lately stood
A herald of the mighty God;
Proclaim'd the Saviour of our race,
And bore the message of his grace.

2 Laborious in his Master's cause;
His view, nor lucre nor applause;
To spend and to be spent resign'd,
If souls through Christ salvation find.

3 With pointed language, flaming zeal,
He to the conscience did appeal;
With terror sought the soul to move,
Or draw it with the cords of love.

4 But all his labours now are o'er,
And we shall hear his voice no more:
His dust lies silent in the tomb;
He 's gone to heaven, his final home.

5 Jesus! though earthly shepherds die,
Do thou thy churches still supply
With gifts, instruction to impart—
Pastors according to thy heart.

505. C. M. *J. Saunders.*

The flock approaching the Shepherd's tomb.

WITH holy awe, and solemn dread,
Approach the silent tomb!
Your shepherd lies beneath the shade
Of death's tremendous gloom!

2 How gentle was the stroke divine,
Which bow'd his head in death!
How peaceful did his soul resign
His friends, his life, his breath!

3 E'en death to him is endless gain;
Though we are left to mourn:
Shepherd divine! thy flock sustain,
Nor leave thy fold forlorn.

4 Display thy pardoning, healing grace;
Assuage our rising grief;
Reveal thy smiling, cheering face,
And grant us sweet relief.

5 Give us to kiss the painful rod,
Nor at thy will repine,—
'Be still, and know that thou art God,'—
To all thy will resign.

6 Furnish thy church from shore to shore,
With gospel truth and grace;
And, while we thus our loss deplore,
E'en here thy flock increase.

506. L. M. *Altered.*

Death discloses the unknown world.

BY faint and glimmering light we view
The unknown world we 're hastening to;
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.

2 We talk of heaven, we talk of hell;
But what can men or angels tell?
Whether we will or not, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

3 Death soon to our astonish'd sight,
Eternal things will bring to light;
The curtain, none but he can raise,
Nor he, till God our sovereign please.

4 If we in Christ the Lord believe,
We shall eternal joys receive;
But if we spurn his sacred name,
We sink, we burn in quenchless flame.

507. S. M. *Watts.*

The resurrection of the body.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

JUDGMENT.

508. C. M. *Watts.*

The Certainty and Awfulness of Judgment.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—depart!

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so distress mine ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

509. L. M. *Relief Hymns.*

THE Lord shall come—a glorious form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

2 Can this be he who wont to stray
As pilgrim on the world's highway,
Opprest by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

3 While sinners in despair shall call,
Rocks, hide us—mountains, on us fall!
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing—the Lord is come!

510. C. M. *Watts.*

The last judgment; or, the saints rewarded.

THRON'D on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

2 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear,
His justice, and their doom.

3 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God,
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood.

4 'Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore the grace.'

511. L. M. *Watts.*

Happy resurrection.

LET worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame afresh,
At the revival of the just.

2 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,—
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

3 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

512. L. M. *Altered.*

The end of all things is at hand. 1 Peter iv. 7.

THE Judge descends from worlds on high;
The earth and heavens before him fly!
Arise, my soul, and trembling stand;
'The end of all things is at hand!'

2 Awake, ye sleeping, Christless souls,
Before the judgment thunder rolls;
Before the trumpet's dreadful sound
Cleaves the wide heaven, and shakes the ground;

3 Before the vengeful lightnings fly,
To burn the globe, and melt the sky;
Before the great tremendous day,
Shall Christ in awful pomp display;

4 Before the summons from afar,
Calls men and devils to the bar;
Awake! this truth to understand,
'The end of all things is at hand!'

5 Ye Christless souls, be this your care;
Be sober, watchful, much in prayer;
Let every holy path be trod,
And thus prepare to meet your God.

513. C. M. *Cowper*

Sinners warned of their danger.

MY bowels yearn o'er dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe;
Fain would I speak—but all is vain,
If God does not speak too.

2 O sinners, lend a listening ear,
Lest hell should be your doom;
'Tis at your peril you forbear,
When in God's name we come.

3 Where, guilty mortals, will you flee—
If destitute of grace—
When all the world the Judge must see,
And stand before his face?

4 Might you but shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From his all-searching eye!

5 But all the hosts of hell must come,
And all mankind appear,
To hear their dread, eternal doom,
From his impartial bar.

6 Let not these warnings prove in vain;
The solemn message hear;
Lest they should aggravate your pain,
When plung'd in keen despair!

514. L. M. *Rippon's Selection.*

Eternity, joyful and tremendous.

ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But, Oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care;
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;
An interest in the Saviour's blood—
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God! remove;
Speak me an object of thy love.

5 Search, Lord! O search my inmost heart!
And light, and hope, and joy, impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

515. L. M. *Daniel.*

Morning Praise.

THIS morning let my praise arise,
To Him who all my need supplies;
To Him who watch'd me through the night,
And brought me to the morning light.

2 May I, this day, through grace, pursue
The work assign'd for me to do;
And when my work on earth is done,
May angels bear my spirit home.

516. C. M. *Altered.*

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes!
Remove the pond'rous load away,
And rise to heavenly joys.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep;
Let Him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now I seal my vows,
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise,
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul,
To everlasting day.

517. C. M. *Altered.*

Nearness to God prayed for.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to meet thine ear;
Thou art my Father, and my Friend,—
My help for ever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
By thy sustaining grace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
And live in love and peace.

3 Thus let my moments smoothly run,
My hours thus pass away,
Till evening shades, and setting suns,
Be lost in endless day.

518 L. M.

Leaning on Jesus' bosom. John xiii. 23

THE busy scenes of day are clos'd,
The evening shades invite to rest;
Now let my soul remain compos'd,
Reclining on my Saviour's breast.

2 Jesus! to thee an evening song,
My soul in gratitude would raise;
O could I mount and join that throng,
I'd vie with angels in thy praise.

3 With tears of joy I'd sing the God,
Who wept, and bled, and died for me;
Then hide beneath that precious blood
Which freely flow'd on Calvary.

4 There, shelter'd, would my soul remain,
While weary limbs might seek repose;
Nor from that fountain go again,
When morning should the light disclose.

5 And when, at last, nor sun nor moon,
Nor stars shall light the pilgrim's way;
May angel-bands convey me home,
To realms of everlasting day.

519. S. M. *Walker's Collection.*

Retiring to rest; an emblem of death.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears:

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove;
O may we in thy bosom rest,—
The bosom of thy love.

520. L. M. *Baltimore Collection.*

Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

2 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

521. L. M. *Watts.*

An evening Hymn.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,—
He gives me strength for days to come:

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rend my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

PARTING.

522. C. M. *Whitfield's Collection.*

A parting Hymn.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we 'll go;
And in his holy footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace;
And of his fullness still receive,
The fullness of his grace.

5 Then let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

523. S. M. *Walker's Collection.*

Praise to God at parting.

ONCE more, before we part,
We 'll bless the Saviour's name
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up the sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow,
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

524. 7's. *Newton.*

At parting. Acts xx. 32.

FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

525. C. M. *Anon.*

The parting of Christians painful.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We 're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father! since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still,
With every soul remain!

3 O may we all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyful meet above:—

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
And pain, and grief, shall fly;
And not a thought that we must part,
E'er interrupt our joy.

5 Deliver'd, then, from cares and pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But, in seraphic heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire!

526. L. M. *Hart.*

Dismission.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood;
From sin, and guilt, and woe release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

DOXOLOGIES.

TO God the Father's throne,
Our humble songs we raise:
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we bless, thy nature sing.

2. L. M. *Watts.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3. L. M. *Kenn.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4. C. M. *Watts*

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

5. C. M. *Altered.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
Let all our voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
An endless song of praise.

6. S. M. *Watts.*

ANGELS around the throne,
And saints that dwelt below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

7. 7's. *Epis. coll.*

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and ever more, shall be.

8.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever be
All praise and glory shown,
The sacred One in Three,
By angels in the heavenly world,
And men upon this earthly ball.

9. *St. Michael's Tune.*

ALL praise to the Lord, supreme over all,
The Father, and Son, and Spirit divine;
One God in three persons, before thee we fall,
Be praise, and thanksgiving, eternally thine.

10. 8. 8. 6. *Epis Coll.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

11. 8. 7. 4. *Epis Coll.*

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

12. 11's.

THOU Father Almighty, to thee we would raise
To th' Son, and the Spirit, one chorus of praise,
As it was, and it is, and it ever shall be,
All glory and honour, Jehovah, to Thee.

THE CHOICE:

PART II.

CONTAINING

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

DESIGNED FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY WILLIAM DOSSEY,
Minister of the Gospel.

Teaching and admonishing one another in.....spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—*Paul.*

THE CHOICE.

PART II.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

1. 11. 10. *Heber.*

Star of Bethlehem.

HAIL, the blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship your King in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant-Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, Preserver, and Sovereign of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Odours of Edom,—or offerings divine?

4 Vainly we offer each costly oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour procure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

2. 11's. *Relief Hymns.*

Advent of the Saviour.

YE nations exult, for salvation is nigh;
The star that announc'd it, has beam'd in the sky;

The time is arriv'd by Jehovah's decree,
When the walkers in darkness his glory shall see.

2 No longer by types or in shadows conceal'd,
In light and in truth is redemption reveal'd;
No longer to tribe or to region confin'd,
The promise of God is display'd to mankind.

3 The angels beheld it—with joy who survey
The sinner that turns from the guilt of his way—
And voices celestial an anthem began,
Of glory to God, and of mercy to man.

4 Ye lands of the Gentile, re-echo the strain!
Break forth into singing, ye isles of the main!
The winds to your shores the glad tidings shall bring
Rejoice in your Saviour! rejoice in your King!

5 The word is gone forth, and the heathen around,
The farthest, and fiercest, shall joy in the sound;
All nations, all tongues, shall in unison raise
One hymn to their Maker,— one chorus of praise.

6 Then glory to Him, the great Father above,
Who sent with such blessings the Son of his love;
And glory to Him who came down from on high,
To save, and to suffer, to triumph, and die.

3. *Anon.*

Unto you is born this day—a Saviour. Luke ii. 11.

HITHER ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph
To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
O! come, and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and rev'rence are an offering meet:
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us!
O! come, and let us worship at his feet.

Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat!
Unto our God be glory in the highest!
O! come, and let us worship at his feet.

4. *Altered.*

The Message of the Angels to the Shepherds.

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
And told the good news how the Babe was attended;—
Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger,
With transport go visit your God in the manger.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchas'd our pardon,
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 'Good tidings I bring to you and each nation,
'Good tidings of joy,—come, behold your salvation;'
And sudden a multitude join their sweet voices,
And praise the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 'All glory to God in the highest be given,
'All glory to God, let it echo through heaven,'—
Around the whole earth let us tell the sweet story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd, I burn with delight and desire,
Such love so divine sets my soul all on fire,—
Around the bright throne loud hosannas are ringing,
O when shall I join them, and be ever singing?
Hallelujah, &c.

5 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 When on Canaan we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With harps in our hands we 'll praise Him evermore;
We 'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

5. 8. 7.

Incarnation, death and resurrection of Christ.

FRAUGHT with peace and consolation
Angels from the court above
Flew to publish man's salvation,
Hear them sing redeeming love.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
We are on our journey home,
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Jesus smiles and bids us come.

2 Floods of glory round them beaming,
Kindling darkness into day;
Shepherds heard, with joy and trembling,
Christ the Saviour's born to-day.

3 Glory to our God be given,
Peace on earth, good will to men:
Thus the song broke forth in heaven,
Let it rise to heaven again.

4 See him on the cross suspended,
Down the purple torrent ran;
"It is finished"—all is ended—
God is reconciled to man.

5 Heavenly harps a while in mourning
Lay unstrung in silence by,
But the third, th' appointed morning,
Raised the song of triumph high.

6 Hell subdued, the grave demolish'd,
Down the heavenly message roll'd,
Sin atoned, and death abolish'd—
Bear the tidings through the world.

7 Mourner, dry your trickling sorrow,
Jesus lives no more to bleed—
Join the song and sing for ever,
"Christ the Lord is risen indeed."

CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

6. 10, 11. *Saint Michael's Tune.*

The Midnight Prayer—Christ my All.

'TIS night, and the world has sunk to repose,
'Tis midnight, and Christ retires to pray,—
O, who can the scene in the Garden disclose,
The scene of his sorrows in Gethsemane:

Come, sinners, attend the prayer of your God;
O, come, let us watch one hour with him,
And mingle repentance with that precious blood,
The price of our pardon—redemption from sin.

Awake, sleeping souls! and watch unto prayer,
Each other exhort—temptation is nigh;
Live near to your Saviour, I too would live there,
Lest falsely, like Peter, I him should deny.

O Jesus, in woe I see thee resign'd,
All cover'd in blood, the price of my soul;
On me, my Redeemer, bestow the same mind,
My heart, all my powers, in mercy control.

5 Awake me, dear Lord, and keep me awake,
Uphold by thy strength, or else I shall fall;
For thee, my Redeemer, I all things forsake,
Thou, thou art my portion, my God, and my all.

7. 8. 8. 6. *Altered.*

The Saviour's Sufferings and Triumph.

THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life, we trace
The deepest woe—the richest grace;
No period else is seen.
When he, the spotless victim, fell,
He shook the earth and conquered hell,
And made an end of sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see
The Saviour kneel and pray for me:
For this I him adore:
Seiz'd with a crimson sweat throughout,
It forc'd its painful passage out,
Through every opening pore.

3 His temples bore the piercing thorn;
His back with cruel scourging torn,
Without a murmuring word:—
And now the fatal cross he bears,
Marking the way with blood and tears,
Fainting beneath the load.

4 Thus up the rugged hill he came,
While harden'd sinners mock his pain,
And then his cross they rear;—
And can I see the mighty God,
Struggling beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear!

5 And now in flesh the God I see,
Expiring in anguish on the tree!
What tongue his woes can tell!
The shuddering rocks their heads recline,
The mourning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.

6 But though he bow'd his head to death,
Hell and the grave are conquer'd both;
He rises!—let me sing—
In triumph he ascends on high,
Again he lives, no more to die—
The universal King.

7 Shout, brethren, shout! in songs of praise,
He bow'd to death our souls to raise,
From guilt and endless woe:
Bright Seraphs, raise your voices higher;
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir—
And praise for ever flow.

8. P. M. *Dover Selection.*

The Crucifixion.

SAW ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood!

2 See him extended—
Extended, and nail'd to the cross!
O he bows his awful head,
And is number'd with the dead,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain!
O, the sun refus'd to shine,
When his Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Solemn the darkness—
How solemn the darkness that reign'd!
Earth to its centre shook,
And the solid rocks were broke,
When Jesus the Saviour was slain.

5 Now it is finish'd—
Now the atonement is made:
O sinners, but believe,
And forgiveness you'll receive—
The Saviour arose from the dead.

6 Hail! mighty Saviour,
Prince and the Author of Peace;
O, the grave he open threw,
And he past triumphant through,
To the mansions of glory and bliss.

7 Now interceding—
Pleading that sinners may live,—
O Father, I have died,
Now behold my hands and side!
O Father! I pray thee forgive.

8 Hear it, ye sinners!
Hear it, repent, and believe;
O, through Christ's atoning blood,
Be ye reconcil'd to God,
And pardon you all shall receive.

9. P. M. *Altered.*

The sufferings of Christ.

WHEN sinful man my Lord betray'd
And all my guilt was on Him laid,
What glorious scenes were then display'd,
Upon Mount Calvary!
His solemn groans all nature shook,
And rocks and tombs [illegible]
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
And upwards cast a hopeful look,
To worlds of endless joy.

2 He hung betwixt the earth and skies;
He bows his awful head and dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Behold his torturing pain!
The mourning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight;
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
And shrouded nature stood affright,
When Christ the Lamb was slain.

3 'Tis finish'd!' thus the Saviour said,
'The great atonement now is made;
'Sinners, on me your guilt was laid,
'For you I spilt my blood;
'For you my tender heart did move,
'For you I left the courts above,
'That you the length and breadth might prove,
'The depth and height of perfect love,
In me your smiling God.'

4 Now see Him mount the throne of state,
And fill the Mediatorial seat,
And millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell;

'While he endur'd exquisite pains,
'He led the monster Death in chains!'
Thus saints and seraphs join their strains,
And sound through all the heavenly plains,
'He conquer'd death and hell!'

10. 8. 7. 4. *Rippon's Selection.*

Finished Redemption.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
'It is finish'd!'
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 'It is finish'd!' O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finish'd!
Saints the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the conquering Lamb!

11. P. M. *Anon.*

Christ's death, resurrection, and triumph

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up
With his expiring groan
Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsion lies—
Earth's profoundest centre quakes;
The great Jehovah dies!

2 Dies, the glorious Cause of all!
The true eternal Plan—
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom guilty man!
Well might the sun withdraw his light,
With the Sufferer sympathize;
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies!

3 O my God! he dies for me!
I feel the mortal smart:
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart:
O that all to thee would turn;
Sinners, ye may love him too—
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep o'er your Desire and Hope,
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above:
Lives our Head, to die no more—
Power is all to Jesus given—
Worshipp'd as he was before,
Th' eternal King of heaven.

12. P. M. *Altered.*

Rejoicing in Christ crucified. Gal. vi. 14.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu!
With all of creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me,—

Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim died;—Only, &c.

3 Here will I set up my rest:
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;—Only, &c.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;—Only, &c

5 O, that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove!
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love;
Fain would I to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;—Only, &c.

13. P. M. *Watts.*

Jesus, infinitely superior to all worldly objects.

I'M tired of visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy sweet company, my Lord,
Thou Life of all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold,
Nor think the darkness long.

3 There, while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er the sins, a heavy load,
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name,
That knew not guilt nor grief his own,
But bore it all for me.

4 I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath;
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song;
How hath the serpent lost his sting!
And where's thy victory, death?

5 But when he shows his hands, his heart,
And those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the belo.ed John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds
With more intense desire.

6 Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus, while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand
My drooping head sustains.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

14 S. M. *Hart.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed;
The great good news with gladness hear,
'The Lord is risen indeed.'

The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display;
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day

2 The promise is fulfill'd,
Salvation's work is done
Justice with mercy reconcil'd,
And God has rais'd his Son.
He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free,
The holy, harmless child of God,
Could no corruption see.

3 Angels, with saints above,
The rising Victor sing;
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring;
Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise;
Let every breast with gladness glow,
And every tongue sing praise.

4 My soul, thy Saviour laud;
Who all thy sorrows bore;
Who died for sin, but lives to God;
And lives to die no more.
His death procur'd thy peace,
His resurrection thine;
Believe—receive the full release;
'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

15. 7's. *Anon.*

Christ's Ascension and Session

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven!

There the pompous triumph waits,
'Lift your heads, ye crystal gates!
'Wide unfold the radiant scene,
'Take the King of Glory in!'

2 Him though highest heaven receives
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls the church his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads,
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master! may we ever say,
Taken from our Head away;
See, thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,—
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upwards may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home!
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

16. *Anon.*

Desiring to unite with heaven, in the worship of Jes

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes!
Burst, ye intervening skies;
Sun of righteousness arise;
Open the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name,
Heaven ech'ing with the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
'Glory give to God alone;
Holy, holy, holy One!'

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us!
Join we to their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' songs—
Sweetest note on mortal tongues;
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, roll along.

17. C. M. *Rippon's Selection*

The coronation of Christ.

ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

18. 8's. *Relief Hymns.*

The Sympathy of Jesus implored.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain,—
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,—
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those that shar'd his daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
He who, unmoved, withstood the power
Of darkness, in his dying hour,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
That covers all was once a friend,—
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the last sad tear away.

19. 7. 6. *Newton.*

Jesus the good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin:
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,—
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him,—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he 'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and—Live!

20. 11's. *Altered.*

The Lord is my Shepherd—I will fear no evil.

THE Lord is my shepherd, my guard, and my guide,
Whatever I want he will kindly provide;
No harm can approach me, for he is my shield,
From th' fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

2 What 'scapes to his merciful kindness I owe,
When rash and unguarded I sought my own woe;
When lost in dark errors, and wandering astray,
His word, like a sun-beam, illumin'd my way.

3 Whene'er at a distance he sees me afraid,
He skips o'er the mountains, and flies to my aid;
Then gently reproves me, and bids me abide
In the midst of his fold, and keep near to his side.

4 To th' Fountain of fullness, whene'er I have need,
He leads me, and bids me on dainties to feed;
How rich is the pasture—how sweet is the food!
To feast on the love of a crucify'd God!

5 How safe in his keeping, how happy and free,
Are all that come to him, though worthless as me;
A fullness of blessing is found in his word—
'Yea, blest are the people whose God is the Lord.'

6 If hungry, or thirsty, just ready to faint,
Relief in due season prevents their complaint;
His word, like the manna that fell from the sky,
Is sent from their Shepherd, their wants to supply.

'The Lord is my shepherd—what then shall I fear?'
No foe shall affright me while he is so near;
His presence my sorrows and woes shall beguile,—
E'en death can't affright me if Jesus but smile.

21. 9. 8. *Newton.*

Christ's presence the balm of our woes.

WHEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
How quickly my sorrows depart!
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart.
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
While my Shepherd his power controls,
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But, alas! what a change do I find,
Whene'er he withdraws from my sight!
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night:
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and ensnare me again;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And then I lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know;
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe:
It is he that supports me through all,
When I faint, he revives me again;
He attends to my prayer when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Why, then, should I murmur and grieve,
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promis'd he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name?

To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain,
And, at length, he will surely appear,
Though he leaves me a while to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd 's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease:
Ere long he will bid me remove
From these regions of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

22. 8. 7. *Anon.*

Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace;
Visit now thy favour'd Zion—
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
'Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.'

2 Saviour God, with courage arm us,
Help us still to persevere;
Nothing, we are sure, can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd 's near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We 've been sinners from our youth:
Guide, O guide us by thy Spirit,
Help us to embrace the truth;
Help us on thy word to venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep—
Love our Lord, adore our Saviour—
'Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Here the Prince of thy salvation,
Saying, 'Fear not, little flock,
'I, myself, am thy foundation,
'Thou art built upon this rock;
'Shun the paths of vice and folly,
'Near thy Shepherd constant keep,
'Look to me, and be ye holy,
'I delight to feed my sheep.'

5 Christ, alone, our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we 'll own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame!
Now we 'll rush through what encumbers,
Every hind'rance overleap;
Undismay'd by force or numbers,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

23. P. M. *Altered.*

Motives to diligence and perseverance.

YE travellers to Paradise,
That holy, happy place,
Who love the blessed Jesus,
And feel his pard'ning grace;
Your highway lies before you,
And upwards doth ascend,
And leads you on to glory,
To see your heavenly Friend;—

2 A friend that 's nearer to you
Than any brother here;
Your Lord and only Saviour,
Your great Redeemer dear;
Who once a human body
Upon himself did take,
Us sinners, heirs of glory
Eternally to make.

3 He suffer'd, bled, and groan'd and died
Upon the Roman cross,
To make atonement for our sins,
And to retrieve our loss;

He seal'd our pardon when he died,
And so remov'd the curse,
And then ascended up on high,
To intercede for us.

4 Exalted there at God's right hand,
The loving Lamb doth sit;
And shows his wounded body,
His head, his hands, his feet;
He pleads his matchless merit,
Before his Father's throne;
And sends us down his Spirit,
And holds us out a crown;—

5 A crown of life, of endless life,
The sovereign gift of God;
Immensely rich the treasure!
It cost the Saviour's blood!—
Now on a state of trial,
But that will shortly end;
Then you 'll ascend to glory,
To meet your dearest Friend.

6 Not transiently to visit,
And thence to earth remove,
But live for ever near him,
And ever feel his love;
There sin shall cease to trouble you,
Temptations will be o'er—
O, brethren! keep a closer walk,
And love your Jesus more

PRAISE.

24. 10. 11. *Brady.*

Saints called upon to praise God.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their king.

2 Let them his great name for ever adore,
With timbrel and harp his praises express;
Who sends forth the gospel to comfort the poor,
And always takes pleasure the humble to bless.

25. P. M. *Epis. Coll.*

Praise for the Gospel.

ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest—how lowly his birth
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee—he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs—Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the convict he offers salvation;
His saints shall with joy everlasting be crown'd.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,—
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

26. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *Swain.*

Praise for Redemption.

ON earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet and loud,
To Him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood;
To Him they cry in rapturous strain,
Be honour, praise, and power—Amen.

2 Ye saints on earth, repeat
What heaven with rapture owns,
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go, imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 Sing, as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing,

Till others learn the song,
And own your Lord their King;
Till converts join you as ye go,
And make a growing heaven below.

4 Inform the listening world,
How Jesus, when he fell,
The powers of darkness hurl'd
Down to the depths of hell;
And rising, bore the rescu'd prize,
His church, in triumph through the skies.

5 Alone he took the field;
Alone the battle fought;
With his own sword and shield,
The mighty work he wrought;
The mighty work was all his own,
And let Him ever wear the crown.

6 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain;
But, Jordan's billows cross'd,
We 'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist the heavenly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

27. S. M. *Watts.*

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

28. 8. 6. *Watts.*

The everlasting song.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies:
There the blest man, my Saviour sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

2 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound:
Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

3 Hark! how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space, they run;
And echo, in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son!
And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

4 O sacred beauties of the man!
The God resides within;
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.

5 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.
Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here 's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!
There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

29. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8 *Altered.*

Praise for redemption.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate, with me,
The Saviour of mankind;
To praise the sin-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and liberty;
New songs of praise his lips employ,
And his glad heart exults for joy.

3 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save our fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for my poor soul hast done?

4 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise—
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
And to thy name devoted live.

30. 11's. *Rippon's Selection.*

The foundation of the Christian's faith. 2 Peter i. 4

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd!
'I, I am thy God! and will still give thee aid;
'I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee t
stand,
'Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
'The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
'For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
'And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
'My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
'The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
'Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
'My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
'And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
'Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
'I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
'That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake
'I'll never, no never, no never forsake!'

31. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. *Wesley's Collection.*

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within!
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace has shown,
Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favour;
This he makes to mortals known;
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

3 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceiv'd, they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join and swell the song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

32. P. M. *Robinson.*

Praise of Jesus

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, this guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

2 Did the angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

4 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Go, return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
None but Jesus will I know;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

33. 11's. *Anon.*

Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. John xxi. 15.

O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
A sacrifice offering of soul, flesh and blood:
Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord!
I love thee, my Saviour! thy ways and thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee I never can show!

3 All human expression is empty and vain;
Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
And sure, if the language of angels I had,
I could not, completely, the mystery describe.

4 I 'm happy! I 'm happy! O, wondrous account!
My joys are immortal—I stand on the mount,—
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.

34. 11's. *Altered.*

To feel that Christ is ours, eclipses all earthly objects.

O JESUS, my Saviour! to know thou art mine,
Would cause me the pleasures of sense to resign
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best;
Without thee I 'm wretched, but with thee am blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind—
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy reliev'd me, and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious—my soul 's in a flame—
I rise into raptures while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In deep meditation he always is near,
My constant companion, O, never to part;
All glory to Jesus! he dwells in my heart.

35. 8.7. *Newton.*

Grateful recollection. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

PART II. *Unknown.*

O THAT day, when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face:
Richly cloth'd in blood-wash'd linen,
How I 'll sing thy sov'reign grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd soul away;
Send thine angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

2 If thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promis'd land,
Bid me Jordan's stream pass over,
On the heavenly Canaan stand;
Speak, as thou didst once to Moses,
When most proper I should die,
Then remove whate'er opposes,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

36. 11's. *Rippon's Selection.*

The boundless mercy of God.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy free mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:
But through thy rich goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 How sweet is the mercy that melts me to love,
And bids all the hardness of sin to remove!
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way:
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy to me.

6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And th' covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

37. L. M. *Watts.*

The All-seeing God.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising, and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

2 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded, still, with God.

3 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

4 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

5 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

6 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

7 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they 're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to thine eye.

38. *Anon.*

God beheld in his works.

THROUGH all the world below,
God we see all around;
Search hills and valleys through,
There he 's found.
The growing of the corn,
The lily and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn—
All declare God is there:
In meadows drest in green,
There he 's seen.

2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run;
The mist below the skies
Hides the sun;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And dash against the shore,
All to praise, in their lays,
The God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3 The sun, to my surprise,
Speaks of God as he flies;
The comets in their blaze,
Give him praise:
The shining of the stars,
The moon as it appears,
His sacred name declares:
See them shine, all divine!
The shades in silence prove
God's above.

4 Then let my station be
Here on earth, as I see
The sacred One in Three
All agree:
Through all the world is made,
The forest and the glade;
Nor let me be afraid,
Though I dwell on the hill,
Since nature's works declare
God is there.

39. 8's. *Altered.*

I will praise thee at all times.

MY God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice:

No more let my ungrateful heart,
One moment from thy praise depart;
But live and sing in sweet accord,
The glories of my sovereign Lord.

2 Jesus! thou hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
Through all the remnant of my days,
O let me speak, and live thy praise!
Incessantly I want to pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
And give thee thanks for every thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 In thine embrace I then would die,
And rise to worlds of endless joy,
Till Christ the Lord in clouds shall come,
And Gabriel's trump shall rend my tomb
Then from the dust of death I 'll spring,
And shout, 'O death, where is thy sting?'
'O grave, where is thy victory?'
I 'll shout through all eternity.

40. *Anon.*

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us.

WHAT wondrous love is this;—O my soul! &c.
What wondrous love is this,
That caus'd the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse, For my soul, &c.

2 When I was sinking down,—Sinking down, &c.
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown, For my soul, &c.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly!—Bear the news, &c.
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.

4 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, &c.
To God and to the Lamb,

And to the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.

5 Come, friends of Zion's King, Join the praise, &c.
Come, friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, &c.

6 Thus, while from death we 're free, we 'll sing on, &c
Thus, while from death we 're free,
We 'll sing, and joyful be,
And through eternity we 'll sing on, &c.

7 And when to that bright world we arise, &c.
When to that world we go,
Free from all pain and woe,
We 'll join the happy throng, and sing on, &c.

41 6. 6. 11. *Anon.*

Hosanna to the Son of David.

HOSANNA! to Jesus,
I'm fill'd with his praises;
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing!
No theme is so charming,
No love is so warming,
It gives joy and gladness and comfort within.

2 Hosanna! is ringing—
O how I love singing!
There 's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name
The angels in glory,
Repeat the glad story
Of Jesus's love which is made known to man.

3 Hosanna! to Jesus,
Who died to redeem us;
I 'll serve him, and praise him wherever I go;—
He 's now gone to heaven—
The Spirit is given,
To quicken and comfort his people below.

4 Hosanna! for ever;
His grace, like a river,

Is rising and spreading all over the land;
His love, that 's unbounded,
To us is extended,
And we 'll join to praise him in one social band.

5 Hosanna! is ringing,
For Christians are singing
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love;
The sound 's gone to heaven,
The echo is given,
It rolls through my soul from the mansions above.

6 Hosanna! to Jesus,
My soul feels him precious,
I'm marching to glory, with bright, royal bands:
Come, O my dear brethren,
Let 's all go to heaven,
For Jesus invites us, with crowns in his hands.

7 Hosanna! to Jesus,
My soul sweetly rises—
I 'll soon be transported to yon happy clime,
Where I shall see Jesus,
And dwell in his praises,
And with him in glory eternally shine.

42. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Salvation realized in experience.

SALVATION! O mysterious plan!
Nor saints, nor angels, ever can
Unfold the love of God to man,
The boundless love of Jesus!
On Calvary's scenes I wondering gaze;
And raise to heaven the voice of praise;
But O how faint are mortal lays
To speak the love of Jesus!

2 The deeds that wondrous grace performs,
Can ne'er be told by mortal worms;
Assist my song, ye heavenly forms,
To praise the name of Jesus:

Let heaven and earth the tidings spread,
The Saviour died and left the dead;
For sinful man he groan'd and bled,
And from destruction frees us.

3 How welcome is this blissful sound,
To guilty souls in fetters bound!
'Twas in this state myself I found,
And fear'd Jehovah's ire;
Beneath the sword of justice slain,
And sinking down to endless pain,
Convinc'd I must be born again,
Or burn in quenchless fire.

4 Trembling I fell beneath his eye,
And rais'd to heaven the ardent cry
'O Jesus save—I sink—I die—
'O hasten to deliver!'
Sweet beams of mercy, love, and grace
O'erspread his charming, smiling face;
My soul receiv'd the kind embrace,
That seals me his for ever.

43. 8. 8. 6. *Anon.*

Ye must be born again. John iii. 7.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go:
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near:
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;

This fearful truth increas'd my pain.
'The sinner must be born again,'
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God!

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, 'is born again,'
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail! the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions 'born again,'
Shall shout thine endless praise.

44. 10. 8.

Praise for free Grace.

"GRACE!—'tis a sacred plant of heavenly birth,
"The seed descending from above,
"Roots in a soil refin'd—grows high on earth,
"And blooms in life, and joy, and love."

2 Awake! my soul, this grace thou mayest obtain,
Now is the time to urge thy plea;
Almighty grace, extend thy peaceful reign,
And draw my wandering soul to thee.

3 Long time in gloomy darkness I have lain,
Beneath the clouds of death and sin,
And sporting on the verge of endless pain,
But grace prevents my falling in.

4 To thee, my Saviour, and my heavenly King,
To thee my soul, my all I owe;
Almighty arm! to me salvation bring,
Or I shall sink to endless woe.

5 As thus I lay upon the brink of hell,
And sought of God to find relief;
The Saviour smil'd—what tongue my joy can tell
Or tell the sweets of melting grief!

6 All glory be to Christ my Sovereign King,
Let saints and angels join their lays—
To thee, eternal God, our strains we bring,
Accept and wear the crown of praise.

7 Where are the saints who've left the church below
Who once were toiling here like me?
They 're gone from all the scenes of sin and woe,—
My soul, they wait above for thee.

8 Then let me move with heavenly courage on,
And force my passage to the skies;
With them to wear a never-fading crown,
And dwell with Christ in paradise.

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

45. 11's. *Altered.*

God the Fountain of Love.

THE Gospel brings tidings of peace from above
Of peace and good will from the Fountain of love
This fountain is flowing to Adam's lost race,
'Tis infinite goodness—'tis rich and free grace.

2 How cheering the prospect! how pleasant the road!
When led down the stream by the angel of God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be past.

3 Come, heart-broken sinner, this fountain is free,
'Twas open'd by Jesus, and open'd for thee;
The Spirit invites you to come and partake,
The bride too entreats you for Jesus' sake.

4 If thou art a sinner, the vilest of all,
'Twas such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call;
O, why will you linger?—Believe and obey,
The Judgment don't slumber, nor vengeance delay.

46. 7. 6. *Altered.*

The triumphs of the Gospel.

THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading far and wide,
And sinners, now, are coming
Unto the gospel tide;
The standard of King Jesus
Triumphant doth arise;
And sinners crowd around it,
With bitter groans and cries.

2 The sufferings of our Saviour,
Upon mount Calvary,
Is sounded out to sinners,
And sets the prisoners free;
And whilst this glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, expos'd to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.

3 And of this happy number,
I hope that I am one;
And Jesus sure will finish
The work he has begun;
He 'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I'll for ever be,
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King, and Priest
I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness.

5 Down, down into the water,
Where we young converts go,
Foll'wing our Lord and Master,
In righteousness below;
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of our Saviour,
When he lay in the grave.

6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me;
Behold, his mangled body
Hung tortur'd on the tree!
His head, his hands, his bleeding side,
To you he doth display;
O, tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?

7 Come, all ye elder brethren,
Old soldiers of the cross,
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss,—
Come, pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

47. 8. 7. 4. *Rippon's Selection.*

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;

All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou glorious gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

48. 8. 8. 8. 7.

The spread and conquests of the Gospel.

THE Gospel-day breaks o'er the world.
The banner of the Lord 's unfurl'd,
And sin and idol-gods are hurl'd
To death and endless ruin;
The brilliant Star ascends the east,
And darts his rays e'en to the west,
The intervening world is blest,
And souls for life are suing.

2 Behold, on India's barren soil,
The Author of salvation smile!
The caste is broke—the funeral pile
Is sinking to oblivion:
The idol Juggernaut no more
Is drench'd with streams of human gore;
His rescu'd worshippers adore
And praise the God of heaven.

3 In Otaheite the gospel sounds,
And every idol-god confounds,
And kings forsake their thrones and crowns,
To hear of sins forgiven.

On Burmah's sterile, joyless plains,
Where sin abounds, and Satan reigns,
The gospel peace and joy proclaims,
And points the way to heaven.

4 Almighty Lord! thy sceptre sway,
And make the sinful world obey,
And spread abroad the joyful day
Which from delusion frees us;—
When earth shall own thy sovereign claim,
And join with heaven in loud acclaim,
To spread the everlasting fame
Of our exalted Jesus.

49. 8. 8. 6. *Anon.*

The garden of the Lord, refresh'd by his presence.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes;
The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing streams of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossom as the rose,
And Jesus conquer all his foes,
And make his people one!

3 The glorious time is rolling on;
The gracious work is now begun;
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see, that grace is free,
And all mankind, who thither flee,
May rest on Christ and live.

4 Behold the crystal fountain run!
It issues from the glorious throne:
The throne of God on high:
It comes in floods! we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

5 But, when to that blest world we rise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies,
We 'll drink a full supply;
Jesus shall lead his armies forth,
To living streams of richer worth,
That never will run dry.

6 There we shall shine, and sweetly sing,
And make the heavenly mansions ring,
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

7 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I 'm bound to meet you in the skies,
Where sin and pain are o'er;
Now here 's my heart, and here 's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where parting is no more.

50. 11's. *Darby.*

The power and peaceful effects of the Gospel.

FROM realms where the day its first dawning extends,
The Sun of the gospel in glory ascends:
Ye forests, attend, while your children combine
In accents unusual, in transports divine.

2 Involv'd in uncertainty, darkness, and death,
The clouds of destruction hung over our path;
Till yon rising Splendour illumin'd our way,
And pointed our steps to the regions of day.

3 A council on high has been had to inquire,
For help for mankind, and peace kindled the fire:
Provision was made for the nations distress'd,
And with the rich treasure all lands shall be blest.

4 The chain of salvation let down from above,
Cemented by justice, and brighten'd by love;
The safety of hope, and the channel of grace,
Joins heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.

5 On high see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banners of mercy compassionate bend,
Entreating the wretched, rebellious, and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile.

6 The Prince of salvation is coming—prepare
A way in the desert, his blessings to share:
He comes to release us from sins, and from woes,
And make the dark wilderness bloom like the rose.

7 His reign shall extend from the east to the west—
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

51. 8's. *Daniel's Selection.*

The voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove?
The token of redeeming love;
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighbouring valleys echo round;—
On Zion's mount, the watchmen cry,
'The resurrection 's drawing nigh,'
Behold! the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God!

2 The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
'O sinners, turn, why will you die?
'How can you slight the gospel's charms?
'Enlist with Christ—gird on your arms!
'These are the days that were foretold,
'In ancient times, by prophets old—
'They long'd to see this glorious light,
'But all have died without the sight.

3 'The latter day is verging on,
'And fugitives are flocking home:
'Behold them crowd the gospel road,
'All pressing to the mount of God!
'O yes, and I will join that band;
'Now here 's my heart, and here 's my hand—
'With Satan's band no more to be,
'But fight for Christ and liberty.'

4 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he shall come to judge the world,—
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land:—
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea!
And world on world together blaze,—
We 'll shout the great Redeemer's praise

52. 8's. *Altered.*

The Mystery of Salvation.

O 'TIS a glorious mystery,—'tis a wonder,
That I should ever saved be!—'tis a wonder,
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,—'tis
The love of God unspeakable,—'tis a &c.

2 Great mystery, that God should place,
His love on any of Adam's race!
That I should also share a part.
And find a mansion in his heart!

3 Great mystery, I can't tell why
That Christ for sinful worms should die,
Should leave the boundless realms of bliss,
And die for sinners on the cross!

4 O why was I not left behind,
Among the thousands of mankind,
Who run the dangerous, sinful race,
And die and never taste his grace?

5 'Twas love that spread the gracious feast,
'Twas love that made my soul a guest,
'Twas love that brought him from above,
'Twas love—O matchless, boundless love!

6 Not all the heavenly hosts can scan,
The glories of this noble plan;
O, 'tis a glorious mystery!
And will be to eternity.

53. P. M. *Heber.*

The Call of the Heathen to Christians.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand.

Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases
  And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
  The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
  Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to man benighted,
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
  The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
  Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story,
  And you, ye, waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
  It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
  The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  Returns in bliss to reign.

54. 7's. *Anon.*

The Gospel Jubilee.

HAIL! the gospel Jubilee—
  Jesus comes to set us free;
Jesus shed for us his blood,
Jesus brings us back to God,
Jesus did for sin atone—
Glory be to God alone!

Free salvation be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost.
Ever grateful for the prize—
Let our praises reach the skies.
Firm united let us be,
In the bonds of charity;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Loving God, and all mankind.

2 Rise! ye heralds of the Lord,
Take the breast-plate, shield, and sword,
Now against hell's hosts proclaim
War in Christ's all-conquering name—
Rise! assert your liberty,
March to glorious victory.
Learn on Jesus to depend,
He 'll the cause of truth defend—
Ever place on him your trust,
He 's almighty, wise, and just.
Firm, united, let us stand,
Firm, an undivided band,
Brethren dear, in Jesus join'd,
Fill'd with all his constant mind.

3 Sound the gospel trumpet, sound
To the earth's remotest bound;
Let the name of Christ our God
Spread through all the world abroad;
Sinners, come, "behold the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;"
By the rich, atoning blood,
Be ye reconcil'd to God;
Now 's the time—no more delay—
Bow to Christ the Lord to-day.
Hail! the gospel Jubilee,
Jesus comes to set us free;
When he comes no more to bleed,
We shall then be free indeed.

4 Now the Sovereign of the sky,
Comes, the troops of hell must fly;—
Captain of salvation, thou
Lead us on to conquest now;

Shield us by thy mighty power,
Till the last decisive hour
Brings us, with the throng above,
To adore redeeming love;
Evermore to shout and sing,
Glory to our conquering King!
Firm, united, let us move,
In the bonds of Christian love,
And the band of brothers join'd,
Shall eternal glory find.

55. 11's.

The Missionary's Delight.

O HOW I am pleas'd through the desert to rove,
And point the wild-man of the forest above!
To be but the index to point out the road,
Through Christ the Redeemer, to one living God.

2 That God lov'd the world, which by sin is undone,
So lov'd it he gave up to death his dear Son:—
And hear him, inquiring, say—"read that again,
Did Christ, the Redeemer, die for the wild-man?"

3 He died for the Indian, the Greenlander too;
He bled for the Burman,—poor negroes, for you!—
O, how I delight through the desert to rove,
And point the wild-man of the forest above!

4 O, blessed Redeemer, look down from thy throne,
And bid the poor wild-man no longer to roam;
Let rays of thy mercy descend from above,
And capture the wild-man, and tame him to love.

INVITATIONS.

56. 7. 6.

Mourners Invited.

COME, every mourning sinner,
And go with us above;
Give up your heart to Jesus,
He 'll fill it with his love;

He kindly now invites us,
And holds us out a crown,
And angels hover round us,
To guide us safely home.

2 Farewell to old companions,
We 're bound to worlds unknown;
On all your sinful pleasures,
With pity we look down;
Fain would we take you with us,
But if you will not go,
We 're bound to follow Jesus,
And bid you all adieu.

3 Could we but hope to meet you
When we arrive at home,
'Twould heighten our enjoyment
Whilst we are trav'lling on:—
O come, poor careless sinner,
And view the Lamb of God
Beneath your load of sorrow,
And sweating drops of blood!

4 No longer dare to linger,
But look to Calvary,
And see the lovely Saviour
Expiring on the tree;
Be melted into sorrow,
To penitential grief—
Fly to the dear Redeemer,
And there obtain relief.

THE PENITENT.

57. 11. 12.

The broken heart encouraged.

HOW sad is my state! says the heart-broken sinner
Not one ray of comfort arises for me!
And is there no refuge to shield me from danger?
No covert to which the distressed may flee?

Alas! I 'm a wretch, on the brink of destruction,
Whose heart, all polluted by Satan's seduction,
Has urg'd me astray from the Saviour's instruction,
Whose love is unbounded, whose mercy is free.

2 Mount Sinai in thunder discharges its fire,
And justice pursues me, how awful its claim!
The thundering trumpet proclaims it still higher,
'The soul that has sinned shall surely be slain:'
I sink, O thou Saviour, I sink in deep water!
O reach forth thy hand, as thou didst unto Peter;
Thy grace, and thy mercy, alone, can deliver;
Thy love is unbounded, thy mercy is free.

3 Thou Saviour of sinners! I bow under suff'ring;
My heart, though polluted, I give unto thee;
Unworthy and poor, I acknowledge the off'ring;
Yet, O, kind Redeemer! remember thou me!
The means of thy grace, I have long, long neglected
And like the mad Legion, thy mercy rejected;
But Legion snbdu'd, was by Jesus accepted,—
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.

4 Though blind as Bartimeus, like him I 'll be crying
To Jesus for mercy on my sinking soul;
Though weak as the impotent man who was lying
At Bethesda, still I will wait at the pool:
Like Mary, I 'll come to the feet of the Saviour,
He cannot, he will not exclude me for ever,
For Saul and Manasseh obtain'd his free favour;
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.

5 Though sad is my state, and forlorn my condition,
To thee, O my Saviour, I look for relief;
Like Esther the queen, I 'll present my petition,
And hope for the mercy that pardon'd a thief;
The queen, tho' she trembled, was kindly accepted,
Nor was a poor penitent ever rejected;
Then why should I languish, and feel so dejected?
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.

6 To see him descending, on Calvary bleeding,
To view him arising and claiming his throne,

O'erpowers my heart with a mingled emotion—
O take it, my Saviour, and seal it thy own
While gazing and singing, I rise into rapture,—
Sway, triumphant Jesus! the gospel, thy sceptre;
The vilest of rebels, I know thou canst conquer:
Thy love is unbounded, thy mercy is free.

Thy pardoning grace, how unbounded the blessing!
I feel it in torrents run down from above;
Let gratitude rise unto God without ceasing,
Until we ascend to the ocean of love;
There, there we shall meet this exalted Redeemer,
There, there all the ransom'd, united together,
Shall swell the sweet chorus for ever and ever,
'His love is unbounded, his mercy is free!'

58. 7. 6. *Anon.*

The Penitent's Plea.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 On the throne as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is ever nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be.—Friend, &c.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Nought have I but sin and shame,
But this affords a plea with thee.—Friend, &c.

4 Without money, without price,
To thee I would draw nigh;
From myself would turn mine eyes,—
The chief of sinners I;—
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee.—Friend, &c.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side,
O let me ne'er depart!
Here I would my spirit hide,
Till I am pure in heart,—
Till my place above I claim,
This, this alone shall be my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

59. 7. 6. W. & B.

The backslider's earnest prayer.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its fullness shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart,—
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown;—Turn, &c.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;—Turn, &c.

4 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my paradise restor'd;
Redeem me by thy grace alone;—Turn, &c.

5 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace:
Foul, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

60. 8. 7.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

JESUS, we are met to worship,
And adore thee as our God;
Send us down the Holy Spirit,
To attend upon the word:
All is vain except the power
Of the Holy One be felt;
Shed the pure, celestial fire,
Make our frozen bosoms melt.

2 Saviour, are there trembling mourners,
Who begin their case to feel?
We can only preach the gospel,
Thou alone canst save from hell:
Speak, and earth and hell shall tremble,
And the chains of sin give way,—
Proudest souls shall then be humble,
Darkness kindle into day.

3 Breathe, Almighty, conquering Spirit!
Make this vale of bones to live;

Heavenly Wind! diffuse salvation—
We to thee will glory give:
North and south, give up your captives,
Yield them up without delay;
Saviour, claim thy blood-bought purchase,
Claim and seal us thine to-day.

4 Breathe through every soul, the spirit
Of untiring, fervent prayer;
Wrestling Jacobs, conquering Israels,
We shall be, if thou art here:
Till thou come, O God, and bless us,
Till our souls thy goodness know,
Give us humble faith in Jesus,
Faith that will not let thee go.

61. 8. 7. *Dover Selection.*

At the opening of Worship.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down—
Let us pray, that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

2 Look! and see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of woe;
Death is coming—hell is moving—
Can you bear to let them go?
Let us tell them of the Saviour,
Tell them that he may be found—
Let us pray, that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

3 Is there here a trembling Jailor,
Seeking grace, and fill'd with fears?
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?

Let us join our prayers to help them,
Let our faith and love abound—
Let us pray, that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God their souls renew.
Then we 'll love them still the better,
Take them to our kind embrace;
Journey with them on to glory,
There to sing redeeming grace.

62. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *Newton.*

The Beggar's suit.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word,
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door;
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more;
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I 've been the poorest wretch on earth

3 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few;
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve
It would be what I well deserve.

4 'T were folly to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I 'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

5 Though crumbs are much too good
For one so vile as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

6 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel;
I 'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

7 Thy ways, thou only Wise,
Our ways and thoughts transcend;
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God accepts a beggar's prayer.

63. P. M. *Relief Hymns.*

Confession of Christ before men.

AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I 'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own,—
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory shalt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger, what?
Like grass he flourishes a while,
But soon his place shall know him not;-
Through fear of such a one, shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny?

4 No;—let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still;—
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I may call thee mine.

5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless soul wilt own;
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

OWNING CHRIST.

64. 7. 6.

Experience.

WHEN first my heart was wounded,
Deep by the Spirit's sword,
From all the world I wander'd,
To pray and seek the Lord;
Just like the lep'rous Hebrew,
The Church and world between,
Unfit to be with Christians,
Afraid to live in sin.

2 Allur'd by vain amusement,
This truth I own with shame,—
Until a wither'd blossom
Transfixt my heart again;
Then I beheld my frailty,
And in it read my doom,—
The blooming scene around me,
Was curtain'd into gloom.

3 While many harden'd sinners
Were soften'd into grief,
Resign'd themselves to Jesus,
And thus obtain'd relief,
My guilty heart resisting
Though sinking to despair,
Too proud to ask assistance,
Refus'd the offer'd prayer.

4 At length when far retir'd,—
Twelve months had roll'd away.
'Twas in the vernal season,
The flowery month of May,—
A beam was shed from glory,
And hope, that cheering ray,
Awoke up in my bosom,
As Christ was seen the way.

5 My faith was fixt upon him,
My heart approv'd the way,
But it was so mysterious,
I scarce knew what to say;
When I beheld him willing
To save a wretch like me,
My yielding heart responded,
I give myself to thee.

6 And now without an effort,
I melted into grief,
'Twas most delightful weeping
Attended with relief;
My load of guilt was banish'd,
The fear of hell was slain,
But O! I felt unholy,
And so I still remain.

7 The church appear'd like Eden,
Array'd in living green,
And Jordan roll'd his current,
Her feasts and me between,
And I was too unworthy
With holy saints to join,
My heart was so polluted,
My prayers all mixt with sin.

8 Thou ever-blessed Saviour,
I hang upon thy name,—
If thou hast shown me favour,
Be pleas'd to make it plain;
If I am unconverted,
My load of guilt revive,
And if I am a Christian,
The bless'd assurance give.

9 At length I follow'd Jesus,
Was laid beneath the stream,
And came with songs to Zion,
Rejoicing in his name;
And though I've many conflicts
To meet upon the road,
I try to do my duty,
And leave the rest to God.

66. C. M. *Newton.*

Wounding and healing from the Cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame and fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixt his dying eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, and said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live.

6 Thus while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,—
Such is the mystery of his grace,
It seals my pardon too.

7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

67. 8, 7.

Hope, bottomed upon Christ.

ALL within was dark and gloomy,
And the future solemn dread;
'Till a ray was shed from glory,
Beaming hope upon my head:
Blessed hope, and blessed Author,
Jesus, thou art all to me;
None besides could me deliver,
None shall have my heart but thee.

2 Void of strength, and claims to favour,
Potent enemies to meet,
I would fly to thee, my Saviour,
Hide beneath thy sacred feet:
Spurn me not, although unworthy
To approach the King of kings,
Justify and make me holy,
And protect me with thy wings.

3 If it please thee to inspire
Faith in thee, my constant Friend
I can trust thee in the fire,
Hang upon thee to the end;
If thou hide thy face, I wither,
If withdraw, I sink to hell:
"I forsake thee! no,—I 'll never,"
Thou hast said,—and, all is well.

4 On that blood that shook creation,
Cloth'd the world in robes of night,
Heav'd the earth to its foundation,
Made the sun roll back his light;
Tore the vail and rocks asunder,
Silenc'd all the heavenly host,
Caus'd the angel-bands to wonder—
On that blood alone I trust.

68. 8's. *Newton.*

Experience.

WHEN drawn by the Father, I came,
All laden with guilt, to the Lord;

Surrounded with terror, and shame,
Unable to utter a word:—
At first he look'd stern, and severe;
What anguish then pierc'd through my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence—thou cursed, depart!

2 But O, what surprise when he spoke!
While tenderness beam'd in his face,
My heart all to pieces was broke,
Overwhelm'd, and confounded by grace.
'Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
'By thee I was sold, and was slain,—
'I died to redeem thee from hell,
'And raise thee in glory to reign:'—

3 'I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
'And crucified often afresh;
'But let me, henceforth, be esteem'd
'Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh,
'My pardon I freely bestow;
'Thy wants I will fully supply;
'I'll guide thee, and guard thee below,
'And then will receive thee on high:'

4 'Go, publish to sinners around,—
'That they may be willing to come,—
'The mercy that thou hast obtain'd,
'And tell them that yet there is room.'
O, sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend—
O, come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother, and friend

69. 11's. *Altered.*

Experience.

COME, brethren and sisters, who're now on the way,
March on toward Zion, and make no delay;
Press forward with courage to meet your dear Lord,
While I shall his mercy and goodness record:—

2 Remembering th days of my sorrow and pain,
When I of my hardness of heart did complain,
And thought of all sinners that I was the chief,
And rov'd in the deserts of sorrow and grief.

3 Stern justice was frowning in vengeance on me,
And I to Mount Sinai for shelter did flee,
But Sinai in thunder proclaim'd very loud,
'No shelter for rebels this Mount can afford!'

4 I now thought my day of salvation was past,
And I into torment should quickly be cast;
But Jesus, benignant, look'd down from above,
And smilingly bid all my guilt to remove.

5 By faith I beheld him—delightful the view!
And all things around me seem'd joyful and new:
I'm sure I was happy, and thought I'd ne'er sin,
And ne'er should be tempted by Satan again.

6 But though of my burden and sorrow reliev'd
The thought soon occurr'd, 'you 're by Satan deceiv'd
And now my condition seem'd worse than before—
I sought for my burden, but found it no more.

7 But while I was seeking my load to regain,
The Scripture convinc'd me my seeking was vain,
The Saviour had nail'd it so fast to the tree,
I ne'er could obtain it, and hence I am free!

8 All glory to Jesus. I now can proclaim,
Let heaven and earth join in praising his name;
Let all the creation unite in the song,
And eternal ages the theme still prolong!

70. 11's.

Salvation flowing from the Cross.

THE fountain of mercy rolls down from the sky
And angels proclaim the ineffable joy;
But when the Redeemer on Calvary died,
The streams of salvation pour'd forth from his side.

2 Methinks as he languish'd and died on the tree,
His eye roll'd in pity, and fix'd upon me;
The look overwhelm'd me, and conquer'd my heart,
And bound me unto him—O! never to part.

3 The tears of contrition in torrents did flow;
Will this bleeding Jesus such favour bestow?
Unworthy such kindness, O Lord, to receive;—
'Arise,' said the Saviour, 'I freely forgive.'

4 By love I am conquer'd, in tears I rejoice,
O, may I but praise him in action and voice:
And if up to heaven I'm finally borne,
The praise of salvation be to Him alone.

71. L. M. *Altered.*

Experience.

YE brethren, who profess the Lord,
I pray draw near and hear a word
Lift up your eyes, behold, and see,
What a good God has done for me!

2 O'erwhelm'd with guilt, in deep distress,
I day nor night could take no rest;
But when in sad extremity,
The Lord reveal'd his love to me.

3 When I by faith was brought to see
My Jesus bleeding on the tree,
My soul with joy and sorrow flow'd,
That he should bear my guilty load.

4 My heart, that was so dreadful hard,
Was melted down in love to God!
My soul was humbled to the ground,
When I the blessed Jesus found.

5 Then on my bended knees did fall—
O, Jesus! he was all in all—
Yea, where to go I did not know,
For I did love my Jesus so.

6 And now, my friends, who love the Lord,
I pray live nearer to his word;
And don't you hurt that wounded side
Of my dear Jesus crucified!

72. L. M. *Altered.*

Experience.

ONCE in the time of pressing need
I thought I saw the Saviour bleed,
And heard his kind forgiving voice,
'Arise, my love, in me rejoice.'

2 Now to my mind did one appear
Wounded with whip, and nail and spear,
Bearing my sins, a mighty load,
To make me child and heir of God.

3 On wings of faith and love I rose,
Transported with those heavenly views,
I count all earthly things but loss,
And glory in my Saviour's cross.

4 My youthful friends, a long adieu,
Unless you 'll love my Jesus too;
And if by men I am despised,
I 'll yield to him and be baptised.

73. P. M.

Experience.

WOUNDED by the Spirit's sword,
I, like the bleeding deer,
Fled from all the playful herd,
O'erwhelm'd with gloomy fear;
Lonely vales were my retreat,
My bosom heav'd the anxious prayer,
There I sought the mercy-seat,
And pour'd my sorrows there.

2 Own'd by neither church nor world,
And leper-like remov'd,
If I am to ruin hurl'd,
'Tis what I well deserve;

Mercy, Lord, on me bestow,
For mercy is my only plea,
O bestow that mercy now,
And take my guilt away.

3 Far beneath a shady grove,
All prostrate as I lay,
Melted by the Father's love,
My load of guilt gave way,
Mingling joy and sorrow flow'd,
As Christ the Saviour past between,
God is good, I feel him good,
But O, how vile I've been!

4 There amidst the doubtful strife,
And humbled to the dust,
Christ the way, the truth, the life,
Became my only trust;
All my hopes on him were hung,
But O the mystery! *why* and *how?*
Checks the bold, th' aspiring song,
And lays the inquirer low.

5 Zion permanent and strong,
In bold relief was seen,
Jordan roll'd his stream along,
Her feasts and me between;
Were I worthy to be there,
And holy like the flock of God,
Here I would dismiss my fear,
And make it mine abode.

BAPTISM.

74. 8. 7. *Altered.*

Baptism a solemn ordinance. Rom. vi. 4. Col. ii. 12.

JESUS, Master, pray discover
Pleasure in us, while we stand
On the margin of this water,
To fulfil thy great command.

Here the world, the flesh, and devil,
We would solemnly renounce.—
Help us, Lord, to cease from evil,
And a life to thee announce.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation,
Are immers'd beneath the wave;
Fearless of the world's despising
We the ancient mode pursue—
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

3 On our way we go rejoicing,
Conscious of our pleasing God;
Foll'wing Jesus, ever walking
In the path the Saviour trod:
Be this stream a test and token
Of our solemn vows to God;
May these vows be never broken,
May we ne'er forsake thee, Lord.

75. L. M.

Teach the nations and baptise. Matt. xxviii. 19.

Facts showing how this command was observed.

WHEN Christ the Lord, had left the dead
Ere he ascended to the skies—
He unto his apostles said,
'Go, teach the nations, and baptise.'

2 This great command they understood,
And loud proclaim'd the way to heaven,
Through faith in his atoning blood,
Ere the baptismal rite was given.

3 'Repent, and be baptis'd,' said he,—
Thus Peter spake to great and small—
'The promise is both large and free,
To all the Lord our God shall call.'

4 With joy they then receiv'd the word,
And were baptis'd without delay;
Three thousand souls to Christ the Lord
Were wedded on that blissful day.

5 Samaria next the truth receiv'd—
No other plan was then devis'd—
When Philip's preaching they believ'd,
Both men and women were baptis'd.

6 The Eunuch taught—in Christ believ'd—
'Jesus is God's eternal Son!'
Beneath the stream this rite receiv'd,
And onward went rejoicing home.

7 The master of the Roman band,
With all his house in Christ believe,
Yielding to his supreme command,
He and his house this rite receive.

8 Taught by the gospel's cheering light,
The jailor and his house believ'd,
And were baptis'd that very night,
In which they had the truth receiv'd.

9 Lydia receives the kind embrace;
Her household feel the cheering beam:
Welcome the message of his grace,
And bow beneath the flowing stream.

10 Where is the text?—Where found when sought?
Where 's the command that God has given,
To baptise those who ne'er were taught,
By faith in Christ, the way to heaven?

11 Buried beneath the yielding stream,
We thus declare our death to sin;
Rising from thence, we loud proclaim,
Jesus arose and lives again.

76. 11's. *Altered.*

Take up the cross, and follow me. Mark x. 21.

COME, soldiers for Jesus, attend to this way,
Arise, be baptis'd, and no longer delay;
Though flesh should be backward, and duty seem hard,
Be bold and determin'd to follow your Lord;
The way he conducts you will prove to be best,
He 'll crown you with conquest and bring you to rest.

2 When from his disciples about to remove,
A lasting commission he gave them in love:

'Go teach all the nations my grace to receive,
Baptising them all who profess to believe,
'Observe my commandments, and come after me,
'And I will protect and be with you alway.'

3 Apostles attended to what he had done;
They preach'd and baptis'd in the way he had shown;
They publish'd the gospel, and when 'twas receiv'd,
They buried in baptism them that believ'd:—
O Christians, your Saviour's done great things for you,
Then take up your crosses and follow him too.

4 Array'd in bright glory he 'll shortly appear,
T' receive all his children who love him sincere;
Then let us be marching to meet him, my friends,
Behold into Jordan the Saviour descends!
And as he came out of the watery tomb,
The Father approv'd of what Jesus had done.

5 If friends should oppose you and try to retard,
Be steadfastly looking to Jesus your Lord;
If troubles, and trials, and crosses you bear,
Be earnest, and fervent, and constant in prayer,
And when you this world of all sorrow shall leave,
Your Jesus, you follow, your souls will receive.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

77. 8. 7. *Relief Hymns.*

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be;
Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human looks and hearts deceive me,
But my Saviour will be true.

2 I have call'd thee, Abba, Father,
Thou hast fixt my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me:
Man may trouble and distress me,—
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think how Jesus died to win thee;—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

78. *Anon.*

The Captive delivered.

COME, all ye who ever have mercy obtain'd,
The hope of salvation and pardon regain'd,
Come, join in an anthem, let praises resound,
And tell all around us what treasures we 've found.

2 When sin, like a mountain tremendously great,
My soul fill'd with horror to view her sad state,
On the brink of destruction bewailing my case,
No hope of obtaining the favour of grace.

3 When crying for mercy all prostrate in dust,
(If damn'd, I must own that the sentence is just,)
A voice bid me hearken, my sorrows to cease,
'Thy sins are forgiven, arise, go in peace.'

4 Like a captive deliver'd from bondage and pain,
Who long in a dungeon of darkness had lain,
While the mountains and valleys with praises did ring,
All glory to Jesus, my Saviour and King.

5 Adieu to the world and its foolish delights,
No longer your pleasure my passions invites;
I'll follow my Jesus, who freedom doth give,
I'm now bound to praise him as long as I live.

6 When time rolls around, and eternity's near,
And Gabriel's loud voice like a trump we shall hear
With saints and with angels, through grace I shall sing,
Hosanna to Jesus, and make heaven ring.

79. 9. 8.

Mourning souls encouraged.

COME, all who are trav'lling to Canaan,
Your voices together unite,
In praising the Lord, the Redeemer,
Who fills us with love and delight;
The theme is so charming, melodious,
'Twill help us devoutly to move,
While Jesus's name, like sweet odours,
Attracts all our powers above.

2 When first he beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto pain;
My soul he rent with his goodness,
And brought me to trust in his name:
How sweet were the accents of pardon!
How quickly my guilt did remove!
When first I beheld the sweet wonder,
That God such a sinner did love!

3 O'erpower'd with mingled emotion,
'A sinner, O Lord,' I exclaim'd;
'Was ever a wretch so unworthy,
'So utterly guilty, reclaim'd?'
From gratitude, tears in libation,
Like torrents abundantly flow'd;
'Thy sins,' said the Lord, 'are forgiven!'
I felt to rely on his word.

4 And now I am pressing to Canaan,
But Jordan is rolling before;
And sometimes I haltingly tremble;
Its billows how loudly they roar!
Would Jesus divide the deep water,
And cause all its raging to cease,
Or bear me up as he did Peter,
I'd walk through its valley in peace.

5 His rod and his staff shall support me,
His pastoral voice I shall hear;
Then why should bold Jordan affright me?
He 's promis'd to be with me there:
On seraphic wings he will bear me,
To join happy spirits above,
Where sorrow, and pain, and temptation,
Shall yield to the ocean of love.

6 Dear mourners, continue to seek him,
Though long you have lain at the pool;
Attend to the Saviour's instruction,
Believe in his name and be whole:
Poor sinners, it grieves me to leave you,
I once more entreat you to go;
O, hasten to Jesus the Saviour,
Who died to redeem us from woe.

7 O, look to the blessed Redeemer,
And hope in his mercy alone;
For sinners he sweat in the garden;
For sinners he lay in the tomb:
Behold him on Calvary bleeding!
Arise! he invites you to come—
Believe, and sing on towards heaven—
Believe, and—then heaven's your home.

80. 8. 8. 8. 8. 7. *Anon.*

Heavenly Union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
To feel a heavenly union.

2 He view'd me from the courts on high.
And saw my soul in ruin lie,
And look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
'With God you have no union.'

3 Then I began to mourn and cry;
To look this way and that, to fly;
It griev'd me so that I must die;—
I strove relief from guilt to buy,
But still I had no union.

4 At length the Saviour took me in,
And in the fountain wash'd me clean,
And caus'd me to forsake my sin;
And, O! what seasons I have seen
With Christ and saints in union!

5 I prais'd the Lord, both night and day;
I went from house to house to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
It fill'd my soul a word to say
About this heavenly union.

6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to union.

7 O come, backsliders, come away,
And mind to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear the cross from day to day,
And then you 'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And gain the crown, and win the prize
And sing in endless union.

81. 6. 6. 9. *Wesley's Coll.*

Christians rejoicing in Fellowship.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory, we are
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing of his love,
In the regions above,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we 'll sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air;
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, it is He!
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

82. 6. 6. 9. *Anon.*

Union with Christ, the Source of Joy.

O HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O! that all his salvation could see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All the fear of temptation and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of the Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the goodness of God.

7 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die.

8 Now my remnant of days,
Would I spend to his praise
Who has died my poor soul to redeem
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to Him.

83. P. M.

God, the Refuge of the Church.

"GOD is our refuge in distress,
"A present help when dangers press;
"In Him undaunted I'll confide,
"Though earth were from her centre toss'd,
"And mountains in the ocean lost,
"Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide."

2 'Midst desolations of the earth,
He only means to try my faith,
His streams refresh my fainting soul:
He in the midst of Zion dwells,
Performs his work—Himself conceals;
But makes the wounded spirit whole

3 The heathen rag'd, the kingdoms mov'd,
But God protects whom once he lov'd,
And lifts his feeble ones on high:
The Lord of hosts is with us now,
Let sinners fear, let rebels bow,
And yield to Christ the Lord, or die.

4 'Be still, and know that I am God,'
And when I lift my chastening rod,
Exalted through the world I'll be;
Then wars shall cease at my command,—
My church, protected by my hand,
Shall find her refuge still in me.

5 O Lord of hosts, my dwelling place,
Refresh me by the streams of grace
From Christ the Saviour's wounded side;
Let me but know that thou art mine,
And I to thee will all resign,
And ever in thy truth confide.

84. P. M. *Wesley's Coll.*

Thine anger is turned away. Isa. xii. 1.

LORD, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath their weight I cannot move;
O! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pard'ning love!

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more,
Thy sweet return to feel;
If e'en now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace—
Never more resist or fly,
From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom never let me find
From my dear Lord to rove,—
That I never, never more
May with my much-lov'd Master part;
To the posts of Mercy's door,
O bind my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own?
More and more thyself reveal;
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
My feeble sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever wait;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven—
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

CHRISTIAN EXERCISES.

85. L. M.

The Desire.

'TIS my desire with God to walk,
'And with his children pray and talk;
'Though I should persecuted be,
'Jesus did suffer so for me.

2 [' 'Tis my desire baptis'd to be,
As a command, O Lord, from thee ;'
To be baptis'd, like Christ, my God,
Who was immers'd in Jordan's flood.]

3 ['Tis my desire, around thy board
To meet the saints, my dearest Lord ;
In union with thy church to be,
And oft commune with them and thee.

4 'Tis my desire to bear the cross,
And yield to all my Saviour's laws ;
To follow where my Jesus leads,
In all his words, in all his deeds.

5 'Tis my desire to flee from sin,
And ever keep my conscience clean ;
For Christ to count all things but loss,
And glory in my Saviour's cross.

6 'Tis my desire to watch and pray,
And serve the Lord from day to day,
To own that Jesus is my King,
And yield to him in every thing.

7 'Tis my desire above the rest,
To lean upon my Saviour's breast ;
To live as I would wish to die,
And then to dwell with God on high.

86. L. M. *Altered.*

Longing for a revival.

I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To feast on God's eternal love,
And be prepar'd for realms above.

2 Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Inviting sinners all around,—
Behold! your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands :

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart,—
He 'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you sons and heirs of God.

4 A few more days, and we must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In realms above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell!

5 Come, sinners all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
And full salvation you shall find.

6 Take your companion by the hand,
And all the children in the band,
And give them up to Jesus' call,
And he will bless and save them all.

87. 11's. *Altered.*

The joys of a revival longed for.

O HOW I have long'd for the coming of God!
And sought him by praying and searching his word:
With watching and fasting my soul was imprest,
Nor could I give over till Jesus had blest.

2 The tokens of mercy begin to appear,
And Jesus, the Saviour, has answer'd my prayer,
And rich consolations descend to my soul,—
Salvation from Zion 's beginning to roll.

3 The streams of his mercy are spreading abroad,
And sinners are crying, and coming to God,
The tears of contrition now pour like a flood,
And some have found pardon through Jesus's blood.

4 Here 's more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd with a burden enormously great;
O raise them, dear Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah, like th' angels above.

5 We wait for thy chariot to roll down the skies,
To bear us to glory with joy and surprise,—
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.

6 Shout, all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love,—

Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

7 Let all that have being unite in the song,
And ages on ages the theme still prolong,
And when they are lost in an unmeasur'd time,
Sweet Jesus! the glory and praise shall be thine.

88. 8's. *Newton.*

None upon earth I desire besides Thee. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish, or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Could make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

89. P. M. *Anon.*

The friendship of Jesus recollected in trials.

THERE is a heaven above the skies—
A heaven where pleasure never dies—
This heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
Sweet Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
O hallelujah! hallelujah!
Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein;
Ten thousand snares to take us in.

3 I'm trav'lling through a world of woes—
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter says, I ne'er shall stand
On Canaan's fair and happy land.

4 Through glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
The heavenly way but just appears;
But 'tis the way that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd with tracks of heavenly blood.

5 These are the footsteps of the Lord,
Who on the cross sustain'd my load;
'Twas on that dark, that doleful day,
With streams of blood he mark'd the way.

6 Come life, come death, or come what will,
His footsteps I will follow still:
Though dangers threat, and hell alarms,
I still am safe in Jesus' arms.

7 Then, O my soul, arise and sing
The glories of thy God and King;
He is thy husband, shepherd, friend,
And soon will make thy sorrows end.

90. P. M. *Altered.*

Minister and doubting Christian.

M. COME, my friend, and let us try
For a little season,

Every burden to lay by,
Come and let us reason:
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known;
Speaking may relieve thee.

2 *Ch.* 'O! I sink beneath the load
'Of my nature's evil;
'Fill'd with enmity to God,
'Tempted by the devil:
Restless as the troubled seas;
'Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagu'd with every sore disease—
'How can I be cheerful?'

3 *M.* Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood through every pore,
To procure thy pardon;
View him stretch'd upon the tree,
All thy load sustaining;
See, he suffers this for thee!
Therefore cease complaining.

4 *Ch.* 'Once I had this pleasing view,
'And my guilt was banish'd;
'But my sins, return'd anew,
'Fill my soul with anguish:
'Then I thought nor ease, nor pain,
'The world, nor sin, nor Satan,
'E'er could make me doubt again—
'Jesus was my portion.'

5 *M.* Jesus, O transporting name!
Those he 's once forgiven,
He will keep, protect, sustain;
Bear them safe to heaven.
Look to Calv'ry's scenes again,
Seek renew'd forgiveness,
See the cleansing, healing stream,
Pours a mighty fullness

6 *Ch.* 'Now, with joy and grief, I see
'That I should not murmur;
'Come, my friends, and join with me,
'Help me praise the Saviour!
'Now I feel his cheering grace,
'All my sins forgiven;
'Now I view his smiling face—
'Hallelujah! praise him!'

91. 6. 6. 10. *Altered.*

The Pilgrim's nightly Song.

I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
And his dear name I'll praise,
While in this vale of sorrows I remain:
My sorrows soon shall end,
And my poor soul ascend
To Jesus, free from sorrow, sin and pain.

2 A pilgrim here below,
In this vain world of woe,
I, like a banish'd exile, wand'ring rove;
My days in sorrow roll,
And oft my weary soul,
With earnest longing, pants to mount above.

3 Though few my days have been,
Much trouble I have seen,
And deep afflictions I have waded through;
For thorny is the way
That leads to endless day,
Yet, in the strength of Christ, I'll onward go.

4 Another day is gone,
And the declining sun
Has veil'd his radiant beams behind the screen,
While gloomy darkness reigns
Through earth's extensive plains,
And clos'd in solemn silence is the scene.

5 Thus swiftly flies away
The next succeeding day,
And life's declining light draws to a close:

Ere long life's setting sun
Shall sink in silence down,
And lay my weary limbs in calm repose.

6 What sweet supreme delight,
Will then attend my flight—
When freed from this dull clog of cumb'rous clay
On eagles' wings of love,
My soul shall mount above,
And find admittance into endless day.

7 With Joy I then shall meet,
And bow beneath the feet
Of *Him* who suffer'd, groan'd and died for me;
Who bore my load of sin,
Of sorrow, grief and pain,
To make me happy, and to set me free.

8 Ye heavenly arches ring,
Sing hallelujah, sing!
Hail! holy, holy, holy bleeding Lamb!
Once we were dead in sin,
But, lo! we live again—
And glory, glory, glory to thy name!

92. 10. 10. 11. 11. *Newton.*

I will trust, and not be afraid.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through

4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:

And can he have taught me to trust in his name;
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame.

5 Why should I complain of want or distress?
Temptation or pain? he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O! how pleasant, the conqueror's song!

93. 8. 8. 6. *Wesley's Collection.*

We have here no continuing city, &c.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
And bears on eagles' wings,
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests, and kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all its good despise!
I trample on its whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:

For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, my Lord, thy servant cries,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim a heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
And, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

94. L. M. *Parkinson's Collection.*

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom

COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.
Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come!
While Christ, the Judge, with joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

2 Great tribulation you may meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Jesus will save his heart's delight.
Behold the righteous, &c.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet we shall hear
Sound through the earth, and down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
Behold the righteous, &c.

4 'Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
'Make room—receive my rescu'd bride,
'Ye harps in glory, sound aloud,
'Here comes the purchase of my blood.'
Behold the righteous, &c.

5 In grandeur see the royal line
In glittering robes the sun outshine!
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne!
Behold the righteous, &c.

6 They stand with wonder, and look on!
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire!
Behold the righteous, &c.

95. 8. 8. 6. *Rippon's Selection.*

God's presence fills his people with joy.

COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,—
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and, from and mountain-top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness—
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5 O, when shall I at once go up,
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess?
When shall I end our lingering years,
Of sorrow, sin, and doubts and fears,—
An howling wilderness.

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove:
The heavenly Canaan, Lord! divide;
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give us a lot of love!

96. P. M. *Anon.*

Christians happy in the house of God.

YE, happy children, who follow Jesus
Into the house of prayer and praise,
Who are join'd in union, while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend your days:
Although we 're hated by the world and Satan,
And flesh, and such as know not God,
Yet, happy moments, and joyful seasons,
We oft-times find on Canaan's road.

2 Though oft assaulted by sore temptations,
We 'll keep our great high priest in view;
Our Jesus trav'lled through tribulation,
And he will bring his people through:
Though hell, with all its frightful legions,
Oppose our way, and round us roar,
Fear not, we 'll gain those peaceful regions,
And shout on Canaan's happy shore.

3 While we 've been waiting on loving Jesus,
We 've felt some streams coming from above;
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
We long to be absolv'd in love;
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for time to come;
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So, farewell brethren, I 'm going home.

4 On Zion's holy, celestial mountain,
I hope again to meet you all;
To bathe in love's eternal fountain,
And round the throne divine to fall;
Sweetly united to one another,
When to our Father's house we come,

There 's loving Jesus, our elder brother;
So, farewell brethren, I 'm going home.

5 But, as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those that spurn his grace,
That they may taste love's richest treasures,
And live to see God's smiling face;
Now here 's my hand, and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love—
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus;
So, farewell brethren, we 'll meet above.

97. P. M. *Altered.*

Rising to heaven.

YE children of Zion, who' re bound to the kingdom,
Attune all your voices, and help me to sing
Sweet anthems of praises to my blessed Jesus,
For he is my Prophet, my Priest, and my King;
When Jesus first found me, to hell I was going—
His love did surround me, and save me from ruin;
He kindly receiv'd me, and from guilt reliev'd me,
And taught me, aloud, his sweet praises to sing.

2 Why should you go wand'ring from such a Physician,
Who 's able and willing your sickness to cure?
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
His Father has promis'd your case to insure:
My soul he has healed, my heart it rejoices,
He 's brought me to Zion to join the glad voices!
I 'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him,
Till we meet in glory where parting 's no more.

3 My heart 's now in heaven to Jesus ascended,
I 'm bound to press forward to the mark of the prize;
And when my temptations and trials are ended,
On th' wings of bright seraphs I hope to arise:
O Christians! I 'm happy in this contemplation;
My soul is refresh'd with the streams of salvation,
I long to be flying that I may be vying
With saints and bright angels that shout in the skies.

4 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan 's before you;
Ascend the bright mountain still shouting free grace!
On Salem's strong tower we 'll sing hallelujah,
Reviv'd with the smiles of sweet Jesus's face:
No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, no mourning,
To those who there enter there is no returning,
But loving, and feasting, and shouting, and singing,
All glory to Jesus the source of free grace.

98. 7's. *Altered.*

Christians feasting on grace's bounties.

COME, and taste along with me,
Consolations running free,
From our Father's gracious throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Wherefore should I feast alone?—
Mourning souls, there yet is room!
Come, O come, to Zion's hill,
Th' banquet will be sweeter still.

3 Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the work of grace,
While there is a God to give,
And poor sinners to receive.

4 Goodness, running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem,
Doth, by constant breaking forth,
Sweeten earth and heaven both.

5 Saints in glory sing aloud
In the praises of our God;
We, who sing in faith below,
Soon to glory, too, shall go.

6 Sweetness here, and glory there!
Comforts flowing everywhere—
This I boldly can attest,
For my soul has got a feast.

7 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume,

Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

I thank God, and you thank God,
And I can praise my Jesus!
You love God, and I love God,
And we 'll praise God together!

99. 8's. *Altered.*

Happy in the love of Christ.

THIS day my soul has caught new fire,
To heavenly raptures I aspire,
I long to leave this cumbrous clay,
With angel bands to soar away:
When Christians join in fervent prayer,
Jehovah-Jesus meets them there—
They wield the Spirit's glittering sword,
And hosts are conquer'd by the word.

2 See Gideon marching out to fight,
Having a trumpet, and a light!
He took his pitcher and a lamp,
And storm'd the Midianitish camp!
Saint Paul and Silas bound in jail,
Would sing and pray in spite of hell,
And I will also praise my King,
Although oppos'd by earth and sin.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and strong,
Rejoice—the victory 'll soon be won!
Fight on, ye sons of liberty,
And you shall reign eternally;
And since I am in Jesus blest,
I 'm trav'lling to a world of rest,
To join the angels round the throne,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come.

4 The hottest battle is begun,
Come, stand the fire until 'tis done!
Some foes are wounded, others slain—
Fight on! and you with Christ shall reign:
Jehovah, the eternal King,
With love, will say, 'My saints, come in!

'Thro' floods and flames you 've reach'd the shore,
'Come, reign with me for evermore.'

5 'Come, wear the crown, and let your tongue
'Sing Gabriel's new eternal song:'—
Then we shall lay our weapons by,
And shout with angels through the sky:—
All glory, glory to the Lamb!
Throughout my soul I feel the flame—
Expand your wings, ye hosts above,
And bear me to the God of love!

100. 7's. *Cowper.*

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 'I deliver'd thee, when bound,
'And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
'Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
'Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care,
'Cease towards the child she bare?
'Yes, she may forgetful be,
'Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
'Higher than the heights above,
'Deeper than the depths beneath—
'Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
'When the work of grace is done—
'Partner of my throne shalt be—
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore—
O for grace to love thee more!

101. P. M. *Mrs. Jones.*

The antepast of heaven.

BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture:
I dive in pleasures deep and full—
In swelling waves of glory;
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

2 I feast on honey, milk and wine;
I drink perpetual sweetness,—
Mount Zion's glories through me shine,
While Christ unfolds his greatness.
No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.

3 My captivated spirits fly
Through shining worlds of beauty;
Dissolv'd in blushes loud I cry,
In praises sweet and mighty;
And here I'll sing and swell the strains
Of harmony delighted,
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united.

4 The bliss that rolls through those above,
Through those in glory seated—
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated,
Darts through my soul with radiant beams,
Constraining loudest praises,
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
While all within me blazes.

5 When earth and seas shall be no more,
And all their glory perish;
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish—

My joys refin'd shall brighter shine,
Mount heaven's radiant glory,
And tell through one eternal day,
Love's all-immortal story.

102. 7. 8. *Anon.*

The Pilgrim encouraged from the prospect of heaven.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray,
But since the Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I 'll march along the heavenly road:
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breast-plate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I 'm on the way to Zion,
Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;
O, come along, dear sinners,
And view Immanuel's happy land:
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell,
O! come, or you 'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears around me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
O! how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there,
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?

5 The stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I 'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave;
His word has calm'd the ocean;
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O! may this friend be with me,
When through the gate of death I sail.

6 Then, come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low;
Soon I shall reach those regions,
Where everlasting pleasures flow;—
O sinners, shall I leave you,
No more to join your social band,
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment-bar we stand?

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall, in a moment, cease to roll;
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels, come
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

103. 8. 7.

Soldiers of Christ exhorted.

TRUMP of war! awake the soldier,—
Ah! methinks he sleeps too long,—
Soldier, rouse! behold the danger!
See thy foes a thousand strong:
Think besides an untold number,
Some without, and some within;
Rise, and buckle on thy armour—
Fight the hosts of hell and sin.

2 Fiery lakes behind are burning;
Foes beset thee all around;
Forward go!—there 's no returning;
Death or conquest is the sound:
Bind the truth a girdle round thee,
With this plume adorn thy head,
Hope through grace, the proven helmet;
In the path of precept tread.

3 More than all, thy shield rely on,
Faith in God's eternal aid;
Take the two-edg'd glorious weapon,
Spirit's sword, nor be afraid;
On thy knees still fight with courage,
Trusting in thy Captain's might,
Fervent prayer 's a conquering weapon,
On thy knees still stand and fight.

4 Has thy Captain come to succour?
Have thy enemies all fled?
Watch and pray, there still is danger,
Though they 're gone, they are not dead.
Soldier! now be doubly watchful,
Mark with care the victory won;
Let not self assume the honour,
That belongs to Christ alone.

5 O thou captain of salvation,
I to thee for succour fly;
At thy feet I bend repentant,
Save me, save me! or I die:
Often thou hast led to conquest,
And through thee I conquering go,—
Jesus, save me from my weakness,
Save me from my bosom foe.

104. 11's. *Hopkins.*

Why sleep ye?

WHY sleep ye, my brethren!—come let us arise,
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is near—our days are far spent,
O, let us be active—awake! and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home:
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome—the careless invite.

3 O how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls ev'ry effort they make;
T' accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort—the wakeful misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
Now God can be honour'd, and sinners be sav'd.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair!
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can we slumber!—ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
Now fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay!

105. 7's. *Swain.*

Child! come home.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go—
Long we shall not stay below,—
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall all victorious be;—
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But, of al. the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;—
Let not all this spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these,—
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

106. 11's. *Altered.*

Sinners warned, and Saints encouraged.

COME, soldiers of Jesus, awake from your sleep
Ye trav'llers to Zion, how slowly you creep!
Awake from your slumber, and march on your way
Through earth's dreary regions to eternal day.

2 Awake, and attend to the Saviour's sweet voice
'Tis music so charming, we all should rejoice,
And leave all behind us, and fly to his arms,
Though sinners reject him for stores and for farms.

3 O sinners, you 're passing from life unto death,
A few scenes remaining will finish your breath;
Your bodies must moulder, and crumble to dust,
Till the resurrection of just and unjust.

4 Reflect, for a moment! if then in your guilt,
No change for the better can ever be felt,—
Depart, ye accursed, then Jesus will say,
When once I invited, you would not obey.

5 How happy the righteous! whom angels convey
From all their afflictions, to glory away,
To dwell with sweet Jesus, bright angels, and saint
Where all is enjoyment—there are no complaints.

6 And when the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
To wake all the nations that sleep under ground,
With shouts, all triumphant, their bodies shall rise
And fly to meet Jesus the Lord, in the skies.

107. 8. 8. 6. *Wesley's Coll.*

Mutual encouragement.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient hope the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
And brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

5 In hope of those ecstatic joys,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be All in All.

108. 8. 6.

Soldiers of the Cross encouraged.

AWAKE! ye soldiers of the cross,
And gird your armour on;

Behold Apollyon on the march,
With enemies unknown:
Awake, and on your Captain call,
Equip you for the field;
The armour of your God put on,
Resist, and never yield.

2 Stand, girt about the loins with truth;
Stand, in your Captain's might;
Let righteousness preserve your breast,
And never think of flight;
Stand, firmly stand on gospel peace,
Let hope defend your head;
Be sure you take the shield of faith,
To strike opposers dead.

3 Pray! always pray, and never faint;
In watchfulness abound;
Pray in the spirit, for the saints,
And pray for all around;
Pray on, in perseverance pray,
And wield the Spirit's sword,
And you shall surely win the day,
Through Christ your conquering Lord

4 In one united column move,
With banner wide display'd;
United in the bonds of love—
March on, nor be afraid:
Of all the foes you have to meet,
Be most aware of sin;
Seek, ardent seek your Captain's aid,
Resist this foe within.

5 Look to the cross where Jesus dies,
All stain'd with hallowed blood;
And as you wipe your grateful eyes,
Hold fast the conquering sword;
Look upwards to the heavenly world,
Behold the conqueror's crown!
See all your foes to ruin hurl'd,
And then, with Christ, sit down.

109. P. M. *Altered.*

The Christian Warfare.

AT a distance from heaven, in a world of contention,
To cultivate peace was our wish and intention,
But though by her olive we wish to be shaded,
We 'll boldly resist when the truth is invaded.
Arise, believer! arise, believer!
And firmly resist when the truth is invaded.

2 O Zion, by peace is thy interest promoted,
To love peace and truth may thy sons be devoted,
But Satan and sin will presume your suppression,
And dare you to war by their hostile aggression:
Arise, believer! arise, believer!
Arise, and repel every hostile aggression.

3 Defence, be the cry of the heirs of salvation,
To defend ourselves let us make preparation;
Let us gird on the armour the gospel 's provided,
And quit us like men till the conflict 's decided:
Arise, believers! arise, believers!
And quit you like men till the conflict 's decided.

4 Then peace be the cry of the heirs of salvation,
Let peace and good will be proclaim'd through the nation;
Let us love all mankind, and adore our sweet Jesus,
And press to the world that from sin shall release us:
Arise, believer! arise, believer!
And press to the world that from sin shall release us.

5 The smile of our Jesus our souls shall enliven,
And bring us all safe through our conflicts to heaven,
Inspire new joy at the kindling reflection,
His banner 's unfurl'd for the church's protection:
Arise, believer! arise, believer!
His banner 's unfurl'd t' insure you protection.

6 A few conflicts more, and the war will be ended,
And you, with your Captain, to glory ascended,

There join the bright army, and shout forth his praises,
And make heaven ring with the fame of your Jesus:
Arise, believer! arise, believer!
And make the earth ring with the fame of your Jesus.

110. *Newton.*

Coldness Lamented: A Revival Desired.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Chorus.—Lord, revive us,—Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen.
Lord, revive us, &c.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, revive us, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples of our youth?
Lord, revive us, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show!
Lord, revive us, &c.

7 Younger plants,—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood,

But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipt them in the bud.
Lord, revive us, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer,
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us, &c.

111. 8's. *Anon.*

Encouragement to holiness of heart and life

SAY now, ye lovely, social band,
That walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye, who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say, wish you to return again?
Have you just ventur'd to the field,
Well arm'd with helmet, sword and shield
And shall the world, with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms!

2 Beware of pleasure's syren song,
Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave:
O let your thought delight to soar,
Where sinful pleasures all are o'er;
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

3 There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heavenly seraphs sing!

The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like lightning at command;
There sits the Saviour on his throne,
And there Jehovah reigns alone;
There angel-bands submissive wait,
And armies worship at his feet.

4 Behold! I see among the rest,
An host in richer garments drest,
And nearer to the throne they stand,
With palms of vict'ry in their hand;
There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
They 're met at last to part no more,
Where flesh and sin shall ne'er control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5 These are the foll'wers of the Lamb,
Whose robes are wash'd from every stain,
Who once were fill'd with pain and care,
But now they heavenly garments wear:
Soon on the wings of love you 'll fly,
To join them in that world of joy;
Then be it now your chiefest care,
The image of your Lord to bear.

112. 11's. *Altered.*

Ministers exhorted and encouraged.

AWAKE, my dear brethren, who trust in the Lord,
And take yonr commission to preach from his word;
Go, teach all the nations, and when they believe,
Then lead them to Jordan and baptism give.

2 Be sober, be prudent, and watch unto prayer,
And be ye examples of piety here,
That others, beholding the works that you do,
May glorify Jesus in righteousness too.

3 Be faithful, dear brethren, and stand for his cause,
And preach for his honour, and not for applause;
The glory to Jesus be careful to give,
And he will be with you as long as you live.

4 The world and the devil against yon will rage,
To spoil all your labour most fiercely engage,
But he will protect you and prosper your way,
And crown you with glory in that coming day.

5 Then stand for your Master whatever you do,
And suffer as freely as he did for you;
And should you be call'd unto prison or death,
Like Stephen the martyr surrender your breath.

6 And when the great day of redemption is come,
And Jesus in grandeur descends on his throne,
He 'll give to his angels a special command
To place you in order upon his right hand.

7 This glorious Redeemer will then to you say,
Well done faithful servants, you are welcome to me,
'Twill be the best welcome that ever was heard,
A welcome to Jesus,—to Jesus your Lord.

113. 7. 6. *Altered.*

Having a desire to be with Christ

OH! when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above;
And from the flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain 's gone before;
He 's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er—
His promises are faithful—
A crown of life he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I 'll fly—

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu—
And, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the gospel armour,
Of faith, and truth, and love,
And when the combat 's ended,
You 'll rise to God above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He 'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
But give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

6 Our race will soon be ended,
And we 'll ascend to God,
To dwell with precious Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
With saints we 'll join to praise him,
For grace divinely free,
And rise in glorious raptures
To all eternity.

7 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust revived,
New beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion,
Where our Redeemer 's gone.

8 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;

Our feet no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear, with transport,
The hosts celestial sing,
Our tongues shall chant the praises
Of our immortal King.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

114. P. M. *Altered.*

The Love of Christ unspeakable.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee!
And reign without a rival there;—
Thine, wholly thine, O may I be,
In time, and in eternity!

2 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
All care and sorrow melt away,
Whene'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!

3 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
And lovely image in my breast!
Unite my trembling soul to thee,
And may we never parted be.

4 Still let thy love point out my way,
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
Nor let me ever go astray—
Secure the soul thy love hath bought;
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And save me who for me hast died.

The object of transcendant love,
In and by whom all creatures move,—
Grant me perpetual smiles, whilst I
Struck by glory,
Fall before thee,
Holy holy, holy, cry.

2 When I shall quit this house of clay,
Glorious angels shall convey,
Upon their golden wings shall I
Be wafted far above the sky;
There to behold him free from harms;
Beauties vernal,
Spring eternal
In my lovely Saviour's arms.

3 What hath the world to equal this?
The solid joys of heavenly bliss;
The joys immortal—love divine;
The love of Jesus ever mine;
For greater joys I 'm bound to know,
From terrestrial,
To celestial,
When I up to Jesus go:

4 There, in sweet, silent raptures wait,
Till the saints' glory is complete;
Till the last trump of God shall sound,
Break up the graves and tear the ground,
And then, descending with the Lamb,
Every spirit
Shall inherit
Bodies of immortal frame.

5 O tiresome world—when will it end?
When shall I see my heavenly Friend?
When will the lovely Saviour come,
And take his weary pilgrim home?
When shall I meet him in the sky,
There adore him,
Fall before him,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, cry?

119. 8. 6. *Broaddus's Collection.*

The bliss of the Christian's state.

HOW happy's every child of grace,
That feels his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heaven;—
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see—
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
A heaven prepar'd for me!

2 A stranger in this world below,
I only sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe,
Provoke my hope or fear;
Its evils in a moment end—
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in this vale, by hope and love
My ravish'd soul is there—
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay
Or keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret to leave my friends
Here in this vale confin'd?
To Christ the Lord my soul ascends—
Farewell to all behind!

5 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;

We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd—
And with his glorious presence here,
Our longing hearts are fill'd.

6 When he shall more of heaven bestow,
And bid my soul remove,
And let my trembling spirit go
To meet the God I love;
With rapt'rous awe on him I'll gaze,
Who died to set me free,
And sing and shout redeeming grace,
Through all eternity.

120. C. M. *Enlarged.*

Desiring the promised land.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie:
O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

2 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and brooks, and hills, and vales,
With milk and honey flow:
O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more:
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away;
With joy exchange all earthly things,
For God's eternal love:
Ye angel bands, expand your wings,
And bear my soul above!

121. C. M. *Anon.*

The Christian's Home.

JERUSALEM! my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold?
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 Jerusalem!—my gracious Lord!—
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory 's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet, no more to part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace.*

9 Millions of years around shall run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.

122. 8. 6. *Granade.*

The prospect of Heaven is delightful.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eyes;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers rise;
I'd rise superior to my pain;
With joy outstrip the wind,
And cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain, and smart,
Oft-times my troubles I forego,
While love surrounds my heart:
In darkest shadows of the night,
Faith mounts the upper sky,—
I then behold my heart's delight,
And could rejoice to die.

3 I view the monster death, and smile,
For he has lost his sting;
And satan trembles all the while,
Triumphant I can sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I know

4 A few more days or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
And I shall join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's peaceful shore:

My happy soul shall drink and feast
On love's unbounded sea—
The glorious hope of endless rest,
Is pleasing news to me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky;
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,—
Make haste and bring it nigh!
I long to see thy beauteous face,
And in thy image shine—
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

6 Then I shall tune my harp of gold,
To praise th' eternal King;
In ages that can ne'er be told,
I 'll make his praises ring;
And hail the glorious Son of God,
Who died on Calvary,
And sav'd us by his precious blood,
From endless misery!

7 Ten thousand thousand join in one,
To praise th' eternal Three;
Prostrate before his throne they fall,
In deep humility;
Then rise and tune their harps of gold,
And sweep th' immortal lyre,
In ages that can ne'er be told,
They 'll raise his praises higher.

123. 11's. *Altered.*

The dying Christian in a happy frame.

MY soul 's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with bright angels, I 'd sing them a song,
I 'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

O Jesus! sweet Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Saviour, that made my heart whole:

O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King:
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

3 A glimpse of bright glory o'erpowers my soul,
I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal,
My soul, while I m singing, is leaping to go,—
This moment, for Jesus I 'd leave all below.

4 Farewell, my dear brethren ; my Lord bids me come ;
Farewell to all sorrow, I 'm now going home :
Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.

5 The sun shall be darken'd—the moon turn'd to blood,
The mountains all melt at the presence of God :
Amid vivid lightnings, and thunder's loud roar,
We 'll ascend to sweet Jesus, to praise evermore.

CONTENTMENT.

124. 11's. *Altered.*

Master, it is good to be here ! Mark ix. 5.

RETIR'D from man, in some lonely recess,
To converse with God in the duty of prayer;
With fervent devotion his throne I address,
And feel it is pleasant, indeed, to be here!

2 The Bible I open, my duty to learn,
And hear the blest volume his glory declare,—
Tis Jesus can make my heart in me to burn,
And fill me with rapture—'tis good to be here!

3 With brothers and sisters in Christ I unite,
And often with singing to Salem repair;
His worship affords me substantial delight;
How precious the season!—'tis good to be here

4 When some sore affliction deprives me of rest,
And Satan's temptations exhibit despair;
If then with the smile of my God I am blest,
'Tis sweet conversation—'tis good to be here!

5 When some Christian brother, whose heart burns with love,
By sweet consolation dispels gloomy fear,

And shows me the worth of my treasure above,
How charming the prospect! 'tis good to be here!

6 How oft when thick darkness my way doth surround,
And I unto Salem for worship repair,
While hearing the gospel, how blissful the sound!
My heart burns within me—'tis good to be here!

125. 8. 8. 6. *Harrison.*

Contentment; or, the world renounced.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I lov'd before;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his soul-reviving grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of blooming health,
Of ease and plenty, fruits of wealth,
For these have all their snares;
Let me but feel my sins forgiven,
And see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,
For these are trifling things;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste;
My little table, only spread
With simple herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the word;—
I'd sit alone from day to day,
And urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

126. 10. 11. *Anon.*

The vanity of the world.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I 've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I 'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 No mortal doth know what Christ can bestow,
What life, strength and comfort—go after him, go!
So onward I move to meet him above—
None knows how delightful my journey shall prove

3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions have comfort within:
And still, which is best, I, in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4 When I am to die, receive me, I 'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He 'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 In praises we 'll meet, and harmony sweet—
All glory to Jesus! I 'll then be complete.
This blessing be mine, through favour divine,
And O, my Redeemer! the glory be thine.

127. P. M. *Altered.*

Submission to Providence.

INFINITE goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but for ever praising
God our Creator.

2 Well may we praise him, all his ways are perfect,
With a resplendence infinitely glorious,
Dazzling in glory on the sight of mortals
Struck blind by lustre.

3 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
No less his goodness in the storm and thunder:
Mercies and judgments, both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

4 Clouds and thick darkness, though his throne surrounding,
Teach us, like Moses, to approach and tremble:
Light from his presence, like resplendent sunbeams,
Breaks through and cheers us.

5 Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
When call'd to yield it.

AFFLICTION.

128. 8. 7. *Pearce.*

Afflictions bring us nearer to God.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthen'd thus, I thus press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven.

2 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increased brightness play;
And, of nights, the darkest season
Oft precedes the dawn of day:
Thus, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer.

3 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ, they frighten,
But my soul defies their power:
In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands,—
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
'Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.'

4 All I meet I find assists me
In the path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy;
Wearing there a weight of glory,
I the path shall ne'er forget;
But, reflect on how it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet.

129. C. M. *Newton.*

The Prodigal Son. Luke xv. 11—24.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career.
And forc'd him to repent;
Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.

2 'What have I gain'd by sin,' he said,
'But hunger, shame, and fear?
'My father's house abounds with bread,
'While I am starving here:
'I'll go and tell him all I've done,
'And fall before his face;
'Unworthy to be call'd a son,
'I'll seek a servant's place.

3 His father saw him coming back,
And look'd, and ran, and smil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child;
'Father, I've sinn'd—but, O forgive'—
'Enough,' the father said,
'Rejoice, my house—my son's alive,
'For whom I mourn'd as dead!

4 'Now let the fatted calf be slain,
'Go spread the news around;
'My son was dead, but lives again,
'Was lost, but now is found.'

'Tis thus the Lord his grace reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And bids the needy come.

130. 11's. *Altered.*

The presence of God makes affliction light.

MY Jesus! I pray thee to be ever near,
O grant me thy presence, and nought shall I fear;
Although I 'm afflicted and tortur'd with pain,
This balm shall support me—I will not complain.

2 Let all thy good pleasure be done unto me,
And make me submissive, my Lord, unto thee;
And while in the furnace, if thou wilt sustain,
And draw me unto thee, I will not complain.

3 New mould my affections, and fix them above,
Attract all my actions by motives of love;
And then, should affliction convulse all my frame,
My God, I 'll adore thee, and will not complain

4 The time 's fast approaching, my body shall rest—
Be free from affliction, and all my distress;—
My soul, unencumber'd by this mortal frame,
Shall rise up to Jesus, no more to complain.

DEATH.

131. L. M. *Relief Hymns.*

The Great Journey.

BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone,
And soon their doom will be our own;
Feeble as theirs our mortal frame,
The same our way—our house the same.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must we to God's tribunal pass!

4 Important journey! awful view.
How great the change! the scenes how new:
The gate of heaven or hell display'd—
The realms of light, or gloomy shade!

5 Awake! my soul, for death prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,
And if thou call me down to dust,
Give me to know thy voice and hand,
And die in peace at thy command.

132. 8. 6. *Wesley's Coll.*

The Serious Concern.

NO room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly care,
If life is but a span;
The Judge of all the earth shall soon
Pronounce the everlasting doom
Of every child of man!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve
And props this house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies

4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
O, write forgiveness on my heart,
And whensoe'er I henco depart,
Bid me depart in peace!

133. L. M. *Anon.*

The time of my departure is at hand. 2 Tim. iv. 6.

THE time draws nigh, I must go home,
Resign my body to the tomb;
I leave you all in Jesus' arms,
Whose bosom bears the tender lambs.

2 He saw me wandering far from God,
He call'd me oft and very loud,
Till by th' entreaties of his tongue,
He rous'd my heart and brought me home.

3 He 's kept me safe these many years,
Sometimes thro' hope, sometimes thro' fears,
Sometimes my soul would mount on high,
Like warbling larks towards the sky.

4 Sometimes I 'm like the lonesome dove,
Mourning, she flies through all the grove:
With notes of grief I then complain,
Till my dear Lord returns again.

5 My sun has past the meridian line,
My body 's to the dust inclined,
But still my mind moves gently on,
To meet my Lord upon his throne.

6 Then fly, my sun, fast to the west,
Since I shall be with Jesus blest,
And join the song near to the throne,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er are known.

7 Farewell, my brethren, all in pain,
The Lord who hears you oft complain,
Your darkness soon will turn to day,
And chase your doubts and fears away.

8 Farewell, dear people, whom I love,
Prepare to meet me soon above,
Where we shall join to sing and tell,
How Jesus saved our souls from hell.

9 There we shall be with Jesus blest,
In that eternal world of rest,
On golden harps to sing and tell
Redemption thro' Emanuel.

134. *Anon.*

The rapid flight of time, and the solemnities of eternity.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole.
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch the boundless deeps
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
'Unthinking man, remember this,—
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must gasp and die.'

3 My soul attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast extensive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss or endless woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below—
On this precarious breath;
The God of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And friends the loss deplore;
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between
My name be heard no more.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:—
No, my immortal cannot die:
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to keen despair
Beyond the reach of grace.

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known;
There is no middle state.
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O! do not pass this life in dreams:
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems,
To poor unthinking men!
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now
What it must tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way
Which leads to joys on high:
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I would not die.

SINNERS WARNED.

135. L. M. *Altered.*

Young people expostulated with to come to Christ.

MY youthful friends, to ruin bound,
Amid the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

2 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

3 Say, would you be for ever blest?
Come to the Saviour, in him trust:
From guilt and pain would you be free?
Flee from your sins, to Jesus flee.

4 [If we must leave you bound to hell,
Resolv'd with foulest fiends to dwell,
To rush in carnal pleasures on
And sink in endless ruin down;—

5 If you 're determin'd not to pray,
And put far off the evil day,
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
For I 'm resolv'd with Christ to dwell.]

6 And since his love is still the same,
I once more ask you in his name,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

136. 8. 8. 8. 8. 7. *Altered.*

Opposers expostulated with.

WHILE angels strike their tuneful strings,
And veil their faces with their wings;
Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,
And joins to praise the King of kings,
That sav'd his soul from ruin.

2 But sinners fond of earthly toys,
Mock and deride, while saints rejoice;
They close their ears at Jesus' voice;
They make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day;
For them the Christians weep and pray:
But sinners laugh and turn away,
And join the wicked, vain, and gay,
And throng the road to ruin.

4 Sometimes by preaching sinners see
They 're doom'd to hell and misery;
To turn to God they then agree.
But O! 'tis wicked company
That leads them on to ruin.

5 Sometimes, when nothing else will do,
Affliction will his danger show,
And bring the haughty sinner low;
Then he 'll repent, and pray, and vow
To leave the road to ruin.

6 In dreadful visions of the night,
The Lord doth guilty souls affright
They tremble at the awful sight,
But often with the morning light
Pursue the road to ruin.

7 When every way is tried in vain—
No more the Spirit strives with man—
The blow is struck—the sinner 's slain—
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, and fear, and pain,
He sinks to endless ruin.

8 O sinners, turn—long time you 've stood
Oppos'd to God and all that 's good:
Lay down your arms, submit to God,
And thus be sav'd, through Jesus' blood
From sin and endless ruin.

137. 11's. *Christian Lyre.*

Turn ye! why will you die?

O TURN, guilty sinners, O why will you die,
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome,—he bids you come home.

4 In wealth, and in pleasure what can you obtain
To soothe in affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There 's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;—
If still you are fearing, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give *us* your hand, and the *Saviour* your heart,
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? Why will you not come?
We 'll journey together, and soon be at home.

JUDGMENT.

138. 8. 6. *Altered.*

The end of time.

ARISE and shine, O Zion, fair,
Behold thy light is come;
Thy glorious conq'ring King is near;
To take his exiles home:

The trumpet's thund'ring through the skies,
To set poor captives free;
The day of wonder now is come,
The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds blow the trumpet loud,
Throughout the earth and sky;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh!
Enthron'd on clouds the Judge descends,
Inviting saints to come,
And angels whisper us away
To their eternal home.

3 'Arise! ye nations, from the tomb,
'Before the Judge appear!'
All tongues and languages must come,
Their final doom to hear.
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood;
Let nature groan in pangs of death—
The moon be turn'd to blood!

4 The joyful news of gospel grace,
To sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more:
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
They join with all the heavenly hosts,
To sing redeeming love.

5 Behold a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view;
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu!
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

6 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
I hope to meet you there;

Although you tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear;
Fight on, fight on, ye conquering souls,
The heavenly land 's in view;
I soon shall gain fair Canaan's shore,
And hope to meet with you.

139. 8. 8. 6. *Altered.*

The trump of Jubilee.

WHAT sound is this salutes mine ear?
Methinks the jub'lee trump I hear—
Long look'd for now is come—
It shakes the heaven, the earth, the sea,
Proclaims the year of jubilee,
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold! the new Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear!
Fair Zion rising from the tomb,
To meet the Bridegroom, now he's come,
And hail the jub'lee year.

3 King Jesus takes her to his arms;
Transported with his heavenly charms,
She thus begins to sing;
'From sins, and cares, and sighs, and pains,
'I rise, where joy immortal reigns,
'To view the rosy Spring.'

4 As larks and linnets sweetly sing,—
And hills and valleys round them ring—
'Scap'd from the fowler's snare;
A thousand years she here shall dwell,
And sing while Satan 's chain'd in hell,
Which ends the jub'lee year.

The seventh trumpet we shall hear,
A great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round;
An angel turns the moon to blood,
Puts out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.

6 Arise, ye nations, and come forth!
From east to west, from south to north,
Behold the Judge is come!
What horrors seize the guilty breast!
Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
And hear the final doom!

7 'Depart, ye curs'd! go down to hell,
'With howling fiends for ever dwell,
'No more to see my face!
'My solemn warnings you withstood,
'You set at nought my precious blood
'And scoff'd at sovereign grace.'

8 See parents and their children part!
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart—
No more to meet again.
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies
On Canaan's dazzling plain.

9 My soul is struggling to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the heavenly road—
Adieu! adieu, all earthly things!
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God!

140. 8. 8. 6. *Anon.*

Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet amongst them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:—
How can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
In that accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
And teach me the right way.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
That I thy lofty praise may sing,
And make the heavenly mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

MEETING AND PARTING.

141. 7's. *Leland.*

How do you do?

BRETHREN, I am come again,
Let us join to pray and sing;
Joseph lives, and Jesus reigns,
Praise him in the highest strains.

2 [Many days and weeks have past
Since we met together last,
Yet our lives do still remain,
Here on earth we meet again.

3 Many of our friends are gone
To their long eternal home;
We are waiting here below,
Soon we after them shall go.]

4 Brethren, tell me how you do;
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your King,
When he shall return again?

5 If you wish to know of me,
How I am, or what I be,—
Here I am, behold who will,
Sure I am a sinner still:—

6 Weak and wounded, sick and lame,
All unholy, all unclean;
Yet I would from sin be free,
And the Lord remembers me.

142. P. M. Tune—*Vernon.*

A Social or Union Meeting Hymn.

"DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah,
"In our social meeting;
"In this propitious hour,
"O may we feel thy power,
"In our social meeting!"

2 Draw nigh, thou blessed Jesus,
In our social meeting;
In mercy now revive us,
In mercy, Lord, revive us,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh, Almighty Spirit,
In our social meeting,
Reveal the blessed Jesus,
O melt, renew, and cleanse us,
In this social meeting.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Bless our social meeting;
In Christ the Mediator,
Unite us all together,
In this social meeting.

5 Draw us to thee, Jehovah,
In our social meeting;
Give us to feel in union,
O grant us sweet communion,
In this social meeting.

143. 11's. *Anon.*

Affectionate parting of brethren.

WITH gladness, dear brethren, we met at this place,
To speak and to hear of God's rich and free grace
For all that are needy, afflicted and poor,
The Saviour has balsam and riches in store.

2 If hungry and thirsty, and burden'd with guilt,
For you, the dear Saviour, his blood freely spilt:
If naked and wounded, just ready to die,
He waits, from his fullness, your wants to supply.

3 You 're welcome, poor sinners, no longer delay,
The gospel invites you to Jesus to-day;
If you are but willing you need not to doubt,
For those that come to him he will not cast out.

4 On parting, my brethren, I give you my hand,
In token of friendship, that uniting band,
Since we here together no longer can stay,
Be sure you continue devoutly to pray.

5 Farewell, my dear brethren, belov'd of the Lord,
The footsteps of Jesus you 'll find in his word;
Then follow your Leader wherever he goes,
Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.

6 The time 'tis approaching when Christ shall appear,
In glory, and then all his saints shall be there,
No fear then of parting, or grief or complaint,
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

7 But praise and thanksgiving shall be our employ
Our souls always feasting, yet never shall cloy,—
New scenes then unfolding, new joys will afford,
All glory and honour, and praise to the Lord.

144. L. M. *Anon.*

The parting hand.

MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove;
Your friendship 's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company 's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear.
Yet when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray,

How loth are we to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We 'll say our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we 'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I 've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we 'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O, trust his grace:—in Canaan's land
We 'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you 'll still go on,
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you 'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see,
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O, glorious day! O, blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land,
We 'll no more take the parting hand.

FAREWELL.

145. P. M. *Anon.*

The Pilgrim's farewell

FAREWELL, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay with you;
I 'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view;
I 'll march to Canaan's land,
I 'll rest on Canaan's shore;
Where pleasures never end,
And parting is no more:
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell!

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I 'll leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I 'm bound with cords of love;
If we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above.

4 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's fertile land you view.

5 Farewell, old soldiers of the Cross,
You 've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You 've counted all things here but loss—
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

6 Farewell, poor graceless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here!
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn and see salvation near!

146. 11's. *Altered.*

The Minister's farewell.

AND now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell,
I 'm going to travel, glad tidings to tell,
I 'm going to travel this wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu

2 May heaven protect you, be Jesus your guide,
On the walls of fair Zion may we still abide;
Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er see,
On th' banks of cold Jordan acquainted we 'll be.

3 There all things are plenty, like Eden in bloom,
To those blissful mansions no sorrow can come,
No sin or temptation shall enter that place,
But there we shall join in a song of free grace.

4 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain,
I 'm going to Jesus, for ever to reign;
I 'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,
With saints and bright angels to dwell evermore.

5 Live near to the Saviour, be fervent in prayer,
And while I am absent remember me there;
That Jesus his gospel would crown with success,
And my poor exertions to thousands would bless.

6 And when we meet Jesus in the mansions above,
Where saints and bright seraphs are fill'd with his love,
O, *then*, I shall look for these mourners *now* here,
How glad we shall be to meet each other there!

147. 7. 6. *Anon.*

The love of Christ constraineth us.

WHILE in this vale of sorrow,
I travel on in pain,
My heart is fix'd on Jesus,
I feel him form'd within;
But when I come to bid adieu
To those I dearly love,
My heart is often melted,
It is the grief of love.

2 I 'm on my way to glory,
By faith I look above,
And view a smiling Jesus,
Which fills my soul with love;
'Tis this that so constrains me,
Poor sinners to persuade,
I 'm bound to do my duty,
Though they should not be sav'd.

3 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command thy word to fall like dew,
Refreshing, quickening all anew.

4 Command my thoughts—teach them to rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love;
And let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep my Saviour from my breast.

5 Give to thy church a large increase;
Send her prosperity and peace;
Let trembling mourners join to bless
The triumphs of abounding grace.

150. 7's. *Cowper.*

The Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll
While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support, and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring—
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Just, and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth, and grace.

6 Plenteous grace in thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within.

7 Thou of life the fountain art—
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity.

151. P. M. *Newton.*

Sinners Warned.

STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd!

O be entreated now to stop,
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you 'll drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim?—
Earth and skies shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame!

3 Ghastly death will shortly come,
And drag you to the bar,
There to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of deepest crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And can you then reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God, at length, will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:

Sinners then in vain shall call—
Though they now despise the grace—
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face!

5 But there is a blessed hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow,
'Twas for sinners Jesus died—
Sinners he invites to come:
None that come shall be denied—
He says—"there still is room."

152. *Anon.*

Behold, I stand at the door and knock, Rev. III. 20

NOW the Saviour stands a pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart,
Now in heaven he 's interceding
On the burden'd sinner's part.

2 Come, behold your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn, O turn and seek his favor,
Now 's the time, no more delay.

3 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid your Saviour welcome in;
Now believe, receive, adore him,—
Take a full discharge from sin.

4 Now he 's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yes, there 's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame, ye needy,
Come to this exhaustless store.

153. 11's. *Altered.*

Sinners warned, and invited

AWAKE! careless sinners, believe and obey,
The gospel of Jesus invites you to-day;
Come, now be entreated to turn from your sin,
Wait not till to-morrow before you begin.

2 O why will you tarry till conscience is sear'd?
And why by the tempter be farther ensnar'd?
While Jesus invites you a crown to obtain,
Say not, I to-morrow will hear thee again.

3 Of all hell's devices poor souls to decoy,
'Tis procrastination the most doth destroy;
Now, now is the season, then no longer wait,
To-morrow, poor sinner, it may be too late.

4 Dear mourners, don't linger—obey the sweet voice
Of Jesus, and in him believe and rejoice,—
Choose him for your portion—resign all below,
Unite with his children, and heaven-ward go,

154. 8. 7. 4. *Hart.*

Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ, Isa. iv. 1

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
'It is finish'd!'
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb!
While the blissful seats of glory,
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

155. 8. 7. 4. *Parkinson.*

God is able and willing.

COME, dear brethren in the Saviour,
Though we 're few let 's not despair
Jesus able is to favour;
Fly to him with every care:
He is able, he is able,
Zion's drooping head to rear.

2 If but two or three remaining,
Meet for prayer, he 's in the midst;
Let us then, without complaining,
Wait till he shall us increase;
He is able, he is able,
Soon he 'll make our sorrows cease.

3 By him stars and spheres were framed,
Light and darkness Jesus made;
From their graves the dead he raised,
Shall not his redeem'd be sav'd?
He is able, he is able,
To bestow what we have crav'd.

4 Well, my friends, since Christ is able,
Of his will we dare not doubt,
Since for all the Father gave him,
Full salvation he wrought out:
Sure he never, sure he never,
Spilt his precious blood for naught.

5 Let us love, adore, and praise him,
As the Lord our righteousness,—
Own him in our whole behavior,
Singing, 'we are sav'd by grace,'
Till in heaven, till in heaven
He shall give us all a place.

156. 8's. *Miss Harrison.*

Doubts dispersed.

AWAY, my doubts, begone, my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear;
The wonders that my Saviour wrought,
O, how delightful is the thought!
The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

2 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'Twas not a fancy, nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'llous in mine eyes;
Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought;
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears:—

3 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
He spake, at once, my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd, as if in heaven;
How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before mine eyes!
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!

4 The world, with all its pomp, withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appeared an idle dream;
I gloried in my Saviour's grace,
I sung my great Redeemer's praise;
My soul then long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.

5 The powers of hell in vain combin'd
To tempt or interrupt my mind;
I saw, and sung in joyful strains,
The monster Satan held in chains:—
These are the wonders I record;
The marv'llous goodness of the Lord!
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
And tell the triumphs of his grace!

157. 8's. *Rippon's Selection.*

Trust amid darkness, Hab. iii. 17, 18.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil—
The empty stall no herd afford,—
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet, will I triumph in the Lord—
The God of my salvation praise!

3 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face:

Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up,
To seek salvation in his name;
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

158. 8. 7.

Young soldiers in the spiritual war encouraged.

DARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest—fight with courage;
Never faint, but often pray.

2 He whose thunder shakes creation;
He that bids the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus will defend you;
Trust in him, and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne;—

3 There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast:
There, a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There, they sing immortal praises—
Glory, glory, is their theme.

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing:
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransom'd souls that dwell on high,
Who, with golden harps, for ever
Sound redemption through the sky!

5 See the heavenly hosts in rapture
Gazing on this shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand:
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song!

6 Here I see the under shepherds,
And their flocks they fed below!
Here, with joy, they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail ye happy, happy spirits!—
Welcome to the blissful plain—
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign,

159. 11. 8. *Rippon's Selection.*

Distinguishing grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt,
You all would have liv'd, would have died too, in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas 'even so, Father!' you ever must sing,
'Because it seem'd good in thy sight.'

5 'Twas all of his grace we were brought to obey,
While others are suffer'd to go
The road, which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame
And crown him in each of your songs.

160. 7's. *Rippon's Selection.*

Adopting grace; or, the privileges of the sons of God.

BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and in eternity.

2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When in Jesus they believe.

3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness:
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:

5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:

6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:

7 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd;
They are by his spirit seal'd;
With them number'd may we be,
Now and in eternity.

161. 8. 7. *Altered.*

Sinners invited to embrace Salvation.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding;
Lo! the joyful news is come!
Love and joy, and peace, abounding,
Flow to man through God the Son:
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb:
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now let each one cease from sinning—
Seek the Lord without delay;
Christ the Saviour is beginning
Sin and guilt to purge away:
Golden moments, we 've neglected;
O, the time we 've spent in vain!
But the Saviour long predicted,
Now appears on earth to reign.

3 Happy children, praise your Jesus;
Love and praise him evermore;
Free salvation should constrain us
Praise to sound from shore to shore:
He is worthy to be praised;
He is our exalted King;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Let the saints for ever sing.

162. Second Part.

Sinners invited and encouraged to come to Christ.

HARK! the gospel trumpet's sounding,
Sinners hear the call and come;
Christ in pardoning love abounding,
Now invites the weary home.

2 Though your crimes have reach'd to heaven,
And of deepest die appear—
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
To the Lord for mercy flee,
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
Jesus Christ will make you free:—

4 Free from hell's eternal prison,
Unbelief's tormenting chain,
Endless woe and dire perdition,
Free from everlasting pain.

5 Broken hearts, with guilt distressed
Yield to Christ without delay,
Poor and needy, lost and wretched,
Come, you need not stay away.

6 Hark! ye blind, the Saviour calls you,
Wait no longer, there is room,
Cast your rags of sin behind you,
Rise, behold, he bids you come.

7 Angels join with saints in heaven,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Let the world and church forgiven
Echo back the lofty theme.

163. 8. 7. *Altered.*

Mourners invited to Christ.

TREMBLING mourners, would-be Christians,
Who are seeking Christ the Lord;
'Midst your woes and tribulations,
Hear the gospel's cheering word.

Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast,
Let not shame and pride prevent you,—
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case;
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will grant you pard'ning grace:
If, like Mary, you 've been keeping
Seven fiends in your embrace;
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love;
Wait before his temple pleading,
Till the Saviour's bowels move.
Faith and love, and joy and pleasure,
All are stor'd in Christ the Lord;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Mourning hearts shall soon record.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait with patience, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief:
He will give you grace and glory,—
All your wants shall be supplied—
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5 Death shall not destroy your comfort;
Christ shall guide you through the gloom;
Down he 'll send a heavenly convoy,
To conduct you to his home:
There you 'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care—
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my Spirit would be there.

164. 7. 6. *Anon.*

The Pilgrim encouraged from a view of his journey's end.

'GOOD morning, brother pilgrim,
'What, bound for Canaan's coast?
'March to the new Jerusalem,
'And join the heavenly host:
'Pray, wherefore are you smiling,
'While tears run down your face?
'We soon shall cease from toiling,
'And reach that happy place.'

2 To Salem I am hastening
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrim's song!
My Jesus there is pleading,
By faith I have this view;
I smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on my way pursue.

3 If sinners should despise me,
And treat me with disdain;
My former comrades slight me,
And cast me off as mean;
Or if I 'm tempted sorely
While marching on this way,
My Jesus will defend me
In the distressing day.

4 The frown of old companions
We 're willing to sustain,
Their case we know is awful,
They 're bound to endless pain
But Christ, our lovely Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Preserves us in all danger,
And will our case defend.

5 Shall we not pray for sinners,
While Jesus fills our souls,
While he doth speak within us,
And love's sweet current rolls?

We 'll praise with every power,
And sing, and shout aloud,
Until that happy hour
When we ascend to God.

6 With streams of consolation
I 'm fill'd, as with new wine,
I die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine;
I sing with holy transport,
While viewing things above—
All glory to my Saviour!
My soul is full of love.

7 In yon bright world of pleasure
Behold the shining throng!
Salvation to the Saviour,
Is flowing from each tongue;
The sparkling gates are open,
The golden streets I view;
My happy soul would join them
And praise my Jesus too.

8 The gales of grace are blowing,
My soul is on the wing,
Salvation's current 's flowing,
And well may Christians sing:
The fiery chariot 's rolling
To bear me through the skies—
To precious loving Jesus
Away my spirit flies.

165. 8. 6. *Altered.*

The Pilgrimage.

YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye trav'llers through this wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds, and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you—
Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear,
In this enchanted ground;
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,
And wolves and lions roar;
Yet, in our great Redeemer's strength,
We 'll press to Canaan's shore.

3 We 're often like the lonesome dove
That mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her woes she doth relate;
But Canaan just before us lies,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

4 Sometimes like mountains to the skies,
The waves of Jordan roar,
And make us feeble pilgrims fear,
We never shall get o'er;
But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain;
To fright us then let Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land;
The trees of grace, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand;
These storms will soon be overblown,
The flowers of spring appear,
The fiftieth year is rolling on,
That great Sabbatic year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears
To my admiring eyes!
By faith I see Jerusalem
Descending from the skies!
Sweet angels whisp'ring me away,
'O, come to glory, come!'
And I am waiting to be gone
To my eternal home.

7 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound;
And if we never meet again,
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound,
O, may we meet together there,
On that delightful shore,
In oceans of eternal bliss,
Where we shall part no more.

166. 11. 8. *Anon.*

Christ the chiefest of ten thousands.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My Hope, my Salvation, my All!

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep;
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see.
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he is gone?

5 'What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair;
'What excellent beauties has he?
'His charms and perfections be pleas'd to declare,
'That we may embrace him with thee?'

6 This is my Beloved, his form is divine;
His vestments spread odour around;
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

7 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

8 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

9 His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

10 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the Cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

11 He looks—and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And millions attend on his word;
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of its Lord.

12 Such is my beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above—
Like the morn when he breathes from the chambers of light—
And comforts his people with love.

167. 8. 7. 4. *Swain.*

The coming of Christ to judgment.

LO! he comes, array'd in vengeance,
Riding down the heavenly road;
Floods of fury roll before him—
Who can meet an angry God?
Tremble, sinners,
Who can stand before his rod?

2 Lo! he comes, in glory shining;
Saints, arise, and meet your King!
Glorious Captain of salvation,
'Welcome! welcome!' hear them sing,
Shouts of triumph
Make the heavenly mansions ring.

3 [Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hear the dreadful sound—'Depart!'
Rattling, like a peal of thunder,
Through each guilty rebel's heart—
Lost for ever—
Hope and sinners here must part!

4 Still they hear the awful sentence;
Hell resounds the dreadful roar,
While their heart-strings twinge with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore!
Justice seals it—
Down they sink to rise no more!]

5 Hark! ten thousand harps resounding,
Form'd in bright and grand array,
See the glorious armies rising,
While their Captain leads the way!
Heaven before them
Opens an eternal day!

168. 7's. *Altered.*

If I perish, I perish. Esther iv. 16.

IF I perish, I will go
To the blessed Saviour's feet:
If his mercy he bestow,
I shall sweet forgiveness meet.

2 If I perish, I will go—
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!—
If I sink to endless woe,
All is just, and right with thee.

3 If I perish, I will go,
Go to Jesus, and will cry,
'Saviour, now thy grace bestow
On a wretch so vile as I.

4 Who can perish at his throne,
Pleading his atoning blood?
He has said, "I'll cast out none."—
I will venture on his word.

5 Shall I perish?—no, not I;
None can perish at his feet:
Son of God! didst thou not die,
Die to pay my guilty debt?

6 Jesus, advocate above,
Plead my cause before the throne,
Fill my soul with holy love—
Claim and seal me for thy own.

7 If I 'm willing to be thine,
Now receive, and make me whole;
If unwilling—Lord, incline,
And in mercy save my soul.

169. (Ps. 121.) *Watts.*

God, our Preserver

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid,
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower to which I fly,
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord,
Who keeps my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come—nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home

170. 7's. *Leland.*

Baptism in cold weather.

CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm:
Fire and water both agree,—
Winter soldiers never flee.

2 If you love the blessed Lord,
Yield obedience to his word;
Now be buried, then arise—
Force your passage to the skies.

171. C. M.

Hymn to the Spirit.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Let barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

3 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace;
That all the sons of men may see
The glory of thy face.

4 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come.

172. C. M. *Altered.*

The Flower of Wonders.

THE finest flower that e'er was known,
Open'd on Calvary's tree,
When Christ the Lord was pierc'd and torn,
For love of worthless me.

2 It faded as in crimson streams,
Its healing balm ran down,
But soon reviv'd and blooms again,
In beauties all unknown.

3 On Canaan's banks supremely fair,
This flower of wonders blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes

4 Whene'er its fruitful seeds descend,
And fall upon the mind,
Its sweet perfumes and beauties blend,
And all our passions bind.

5 Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And blossoms in the skies.

173. L. M.

The Faded Flower: A Tribute.

WHERE life's faint stream ran smoothly by,
A wither'd flower was seen to lie;
I'd lately seen it rich in bloom,
But lo! it faded at the tomb.

2 And yet her hopes in safety hung,
Around a living Vine she clung,
And upwards still was seen to move,
To bloom in paradise above.

3 In Christ our kindred spirits join'd,
Around this Vine of Life entwin'd;
And friendship no abatement knows,
Which from the heavenly fountain flows.

4 With what delight she incense shed,
To cheer the heart, exalt the head!
For generous flowers emit perfume,
And make the dreary desert bloom.

5 Open and frank as beams of day,
Dignity mark'd her radiant way;
But when the bleeding breast she heal'd,
Herself she nobly kept conceal'd.

6 Such was the sweetness of that flower,
That faded in one fatal hour;
Faded to blossom o'er the tomb,
And flourish in immortal bloom.

174. L. M.

Desiring submission in pain.

FATHER, is not my soul inclin'd
To yield to all thy sovereign will
To ease or pain to be resign'd,
To life or death submissive still?

2 But while I feel the pure desire,
When pains my feeble frame assail,
My trembling hopes almost expire,
My strongest resolutions fail.

3 Fain would I kiss the smarting rod,
But flesh is fearful, frail, and weak,
My spirit seeks to thee, my God,
O let me find the God I seek.

4 Then shall I triumph o'er my pain,
In all the ways of duty run;
Then shall I count my loss my gain
And say, thy holy will be done.

5 Then shall I fear nor pain, nor death,
But yield to all thy sovereign sway;
For thee shall spend my every breath,
And rise through Christ to endless day.

175. L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away,
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

176. C. M. *Watts.*

The Burial of a Christian.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

177. L. M.

Dedication to God.

TREMBLING I fall before thy throne
Mysterious Three, Almighty One
O help me now from all to part,
And yield an undivided heart.

2 O melt it, mould it all anew,
For thou alone the work canst do,—
Father, I bring no plea beside,
Save Jesus and him crucified.

3 My kind Redeemer, can it be
That thou hast bled for worthless me?
O let me feel thy healing power,
In this devoted, anxious hour.

4 Eternal Spirit, gracious Lord,
I would, I do believe thy word,—
And if I have not, help me now,
My heart to yield, thy will to do.

5 Give me repentance, give me faith,
The faith that triumphs over death,
The faith that works, and works by love,
And wafts the soul to joys above.

6 May this be the propitious time,
When thou wilt make me wholly thine,
When all my powers shall be subdued,
And sin forever drown'd in blood.

7 To thee, Almighty Lord of hosts,
Great Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I raise the song, thy name adore,
And long to praise thee evermore.

8 But O, the loftiest strain is lost,
And thine, thou sweet, celestial host;
Unstrung the harp—be mute the lays,—
Let solemn "silence muse his praise."

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THE END.